"Viyella" (Regd.) Pyjama Suits

GOOD OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE STOCK READY TO WEAR
OR WILL MAKE TO MEASURE. ASK TO SEE PATTERNS.
Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (trade only), 24-25-26, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

LIBRARY OCT ... UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

2/- Net MONTHLY

JUNE 1921

Milton	Captain Peter E. Wright
Andromeda Unfettered	Muriel Stuart
The Control of the Life-Cycle (iv)	Julian Huxley
Under the Act	Gerald Cumberland
The Wail of Grub Street	Robert Briffault
Two Centenaries	Editor
Laughter	Leonid Andreev
The Living Scene	Gordon Craig
Our Persian Muddle	Anglo-Indian
Imperial Democracy	H. P. Gordon
Héloïse and Abélard	S. O.
The Premier's Call to Peace	Austin Harrison
Books	

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 24/-
HALF-YEARLY ,, 12/-
POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

All rights reserved

18 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON

BRITISH GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE.

Head Office: 66, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2.

Ready for Immediate Delivery. *Order at once from*

THE PARIS BOOK CLUB
11, Rue de Châteaudun, PARIS (ix)

The Glorious Illustrated Volume

"THE LIFE OF MOHAMMAD"

The Prophet of Allah

GREAT EDITION DE LUXE.

The text, drawn from Oriental sources by SLIMAN-BEN-IBRAHIM, is adorned with 35 coloured plates and 12 ornamental pages, coloured in gilt, with decorative lettering, arabesques, etc.

This is not merely an illustrated book, but a monument of Oriental art. The great French painter, E. DINET, well known for his superb illustration of 'Antar,' 'Le Printemps des Cœurs,' 'Mirages,' 'Le Désert,' etc., is not only responsible for the illustrations, but also for the text, which he has wrought out from Arabic sources in collaboration with his faithful friend in all his wanderings, SLIMAN-BEN-IBRAHIM.

Never before has the life of the great Prophet of Islam (*the greatest* in the eyes of many millions of intelligent men in the East) been set forth with sympathy, clearness and perfect justice for the edification of European readers.

For the first time, the life of Mohammad is illustrated by a thoroughly competent artist who, like the great Englishman, Sir Richard F. Burton, has devoted his life to studying at original sources the incomparable, ever-changing glory of Eastern life in camp and desert.

After the many defamatory and vituperative lives of Mohammad that have appeared in European lands during the course of centuries, this book, divulging the veritable characteristics and triumphs of the mighty Prophet of Medinah, will come as a revelation to those who have no idea of the truth

From *The Daily Telegraph*, Jan. 17, 1919.

MOHAMMAD.
(PARIS BOOK CLUB.)

Will there be a recrudescence of Islamism when peace is re-established among the nations? A strong affirmative hope to that effect is held by Monsieur E. Dinet and Sliman-Ben-Ibrahim, who have published through the Paris Book Club, 11, Rue de Châteaudun, the most complete and most sumptuously illustrated life of "Mohammad, the Prophet of Allah," that has ever appeared in English. It does not profess to set forth any new facts, but it contains the best of all that the Arabic historians have written about the founder of Islam. The volume is even more than a biography, because the correlation of passages in the Koran with the events of Mohammad's life which were the cause of their production, is duly emphasised, and in some instances commented on. M. Dinet's illustrations in colour are strong and effective in design, and he has succeeded in imparting to them the fervid piety of the devout Arabic Mussulman as well as the romantic tints and full and rich colouring of the scenery amid which Islamism was born. The scenes, in which figure the Kaaba—to followers of Mohammad, the most sacred place in all the world—are particularly excellent in their realistic and pietistic meaning, and others showing features of Islamic life and worship are also well done. Mohammad Racim contributes Arabesque pages to the various chapters. The volume is artistically produced, and is dedicated "by the author-painter and his Arab collaborator" to "the memory of the valiant Moslem soldiers, particularly those of France and England, who, in the sacred cause of right, justice, and humanity, have piously sacrificed their lives in the great war of the nations."

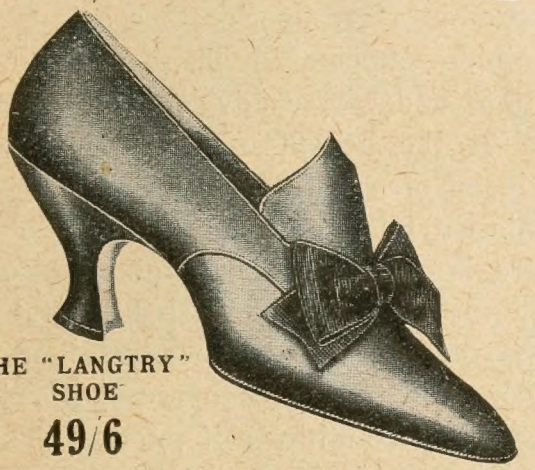
This work is issued in a strictly limited edition of *One Thousand Copies, press numbered:*

125 on Imperial Japanese vellum at **£18 0 0** per copy.
875 on Hand-made paper at ... **£8 0 0** ,,

A fine ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS will be sent post free on demand by the PARIS BOOK CLUB, 11, Rue de Châteaudun, Paris (9), at the nominal price of five shillings and sixpence, reimbursable.

This prospectus contains one of the full-page coloured illustrations by E. DINET; an ornamental page from the book; a specimen page of the text; and terms of subscription; the whole enclosed in an art wrapper.

THE "VANDYKE" SHOE
49/6



THE "LANGTRY" SHOE
49/6

THE "ANKLET" SHOE
49/6

THE "RUSSIAN" SHOE
49/6

SUPER QUALITY HAND SEWN LADIES' SHOES

We have recently arranged to take the entire output of a well-known boot and shoe maker, who has for many years been famous for the quality and refined character of his hand-sewn boots and shoes. The shoes illustrated are a few examples of the designs we are now offering for sale, and which have recently been sold at not less than **79/6** per pair. The shoes are made from the finest quality gazelle skins, frequently called antelope, and are obtainable in Black, Brown, Grey, and White at the remarkably low price of

PER **49/6** PAIR.

The "Vandyke" shoe, pointed toe, elastic gussets, Louis XV heel, in fine quality gazelle, **49/6** per pair.

The tie "Langtry" shoe, pointed toe, Louis XV heel, in fine quality gazelle, **49/6** per pair.

The "Anklet" strap shoe, round toe, Louis XV heel, in fine quality gazelle, **49/6** per pair.

The "Russian" shoe, pointed toe, elastic gussets, Louis XV heel, in fine quality gazelle, **49/6** per pair.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W

Advertisement Supplement

Good Taste in Home Decoration

¶ Good taste in the decoration of the home is not a question of cost. There are few furniture establishments which do not cater for every purse, and it matters little in this age of specialists how great or how small is the amount of good taste in home decoration a person possesses. For the up-to-date furnishing establishment of to-day is something far superior to a sale room. It is an establishment containing experts in all the phases of home furnishing and decoration, and whose advice upon matters of taste is always at hand for the benefit of every customer. Never have we been so convinced of this fact as during a recent visit to Messrs. Heal & Son's establishment at 195, Tottenham Court Road, W., where there is not only a superabundance of beautiful furniture to suit all purses, but also a striking exhibition of what constitutes good taste in the home. Here are to be seen, actually arranged for view, schemes of room furnishing and decoration for all sorts and conditions of purses. There are at this establishment specialists in home decoration who advise clients in regard to their own choice, and whose advice is tempered by a strict regard to the client's own particular needs and means. So to-day in the happy furnishing of a home, there is every incentive for one to introduce into the household that feeling of good taste which goes so far towards making a home all that a home should be.

In a catalogue just issued by Messrs. Heal & Sons the furniture illustrated is planned first of all for convenience and durability, and secondly with an eye to good proportion and pleasant outline. The material used is sound and well-seasoned oak; the construction is workmanlike: much of it is necessarily hand-work, but where the machine makes for economy it has been used.

Fuel Efficiency

¶ In a lecture on fuel-efficiency at a meeting of the Metropolitan Technical Section of the Local Government Officers' Association at Caxton Hall last month, Mr. E. W. L. Nicol, Engineer and Fuel Expert to the London Coke Committee, said that probably the most significant feature of these recurring wages disputes in the coal mining industry is the fact that the winning of coal in this country tends to exceed its commercial value as fuel.

There is, however, a remedy. Coal is something more than mere fuel, and in addition to increasing the output, the real and lasting

THE STORY OF TOBACCO. No. 3—*FIRST REPORTS TO EUROPE.*

IN 1492 Columbus when on his first voyage to the New World sent an Expedition to the Island of Cuba, who reported that the natives were in the habit of carrying about lighted torches and perfuming themselves with burning herbs. These were without doubt tobacco leaves. Smokers do much the same to-day, only they carry matches and a supply of Player's "Country Life" Tobacco.

PLAYER'S

"Country Life"

Tobacco and Cigarettes

TOBACCO

MILD and MEDIUM STRENGTHS

1/- per oz. 4/- per ¼lb. Tin.

CIGARETTES

PINK PACKET BLUE PACKET

10 for 6d. 10 for 5½d.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

P.903 Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

solution of the wages problem lies in making it yield a greater contribution towards national wealth. Coal must no longer be regarded as a fuel *but as a raw material* from which fuel among other things can be produced. We must develop a national coal conscience. Coal consumption per unit of production must be reduced by adopting more efficient methods of use; and in order to help pay the increased price, the valuable chemical products of coal must be recovered, as far as possible, before using it as fuel. The gain to the nation that would accrue from the carbonisation of the coal now used in the raw state should not only enable a satisfactory standard of wages and profits to be established and maintained in the mining industry, but the smoke nuisance, with all its attendant evils, would also be abolished.

Coal is no longer cheap enough to waste with impunity; but economies can certainly be effected which, in many cases, should more than off-set the increased price.

The Islanders

¶ The *Arethusa* Jack and his congeners are the raw material of our great overseas enterprise—youths worth fostering to get the right sort of men in the right sort of ships, and incidentally to save and help the poor lads who might grow up as unskilled and uncared-for slum-dwellers. This is one reason—a rational and economic one, if you will—why we should help the *Arethusa* training ship and the Shaftesbury Homes to rear and educate and teach their twelve hundred boys and girls to make good citizens, good sailors, and good mothers. Another and a better reason is that this old-established institution, whose patrons are the King and Queen, and the president of which is the Prince of Wales, is doing for the destitute little ones a public,. a national, duty, because they are young, and destitute, and helpless. It is a long and fine story, this good work; if you would know more, write to the secretary at the National Refuge Offices, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, and he will be glad to send you full information and subscription forms. £25,000 are urgently needed to carry on this valuable national work.

The Tobacco that inspired Barrie

CRAVEN has been the first choice of pipe-smokers the world over since the sixties—it has for sixty years stood as the standard of Tobacco goodness.

Craven Mixture

Sold in Ordinary and Broad Cut,
2 oz. 2/5; 4 oz. 4/10

Also in the famous Baron Cartridges which fill a pipe instantly with every shred of tobacco standing upright in bowl for perfect drawing and burning.

CARRERAS, LTD., ARCADIA WORKS, LONDON, E.C.

Read . . .

BLUE SKY

By Gordon Craig

in the March Number

OF

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

2s. net.

If you are unable to obtain a copy from your Newsagent, send direct to THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 18, Bedford Square, London.

ATTRACTIVE TEA FROCKS

AT EXCEPTIONAL PRICES.

We have recently designed and adapted from original Paris Models a number of attractive and inexpensive Tea Frocks. These Tea Frocks are exclusive in character and design and are made in our own workrooms from materials of excellent quality and value.

"BERYL."

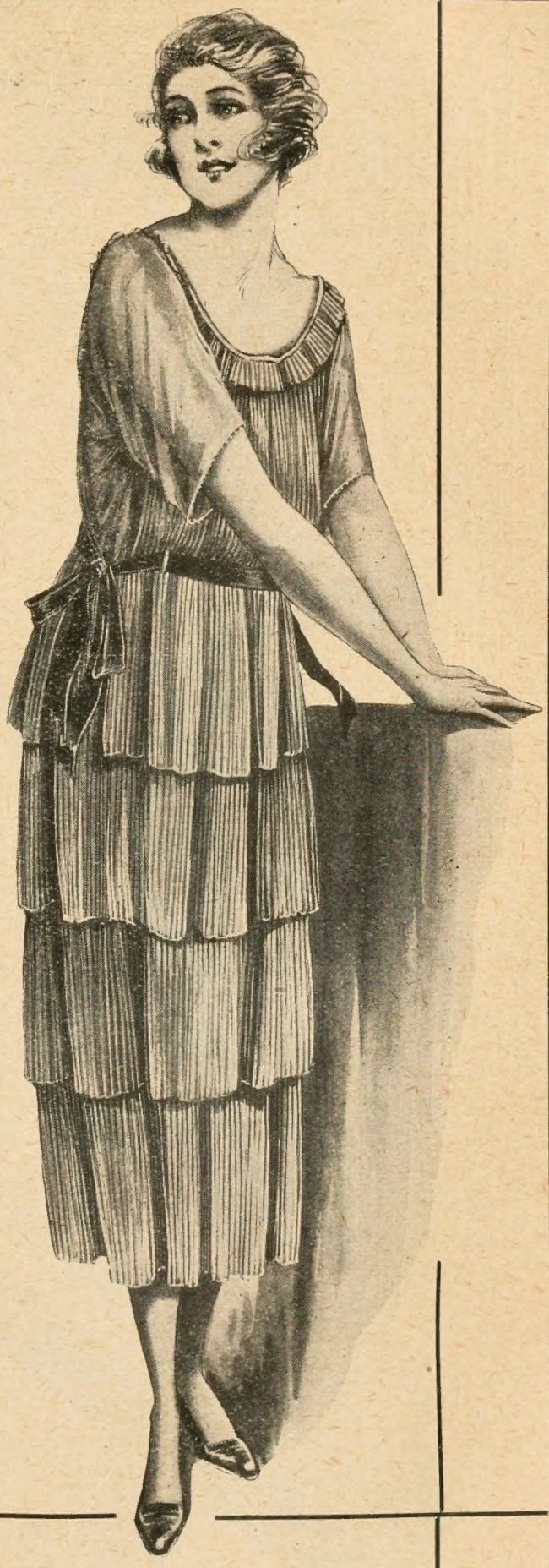
Thé Dansant Frock in Silk Georgette, accordion pleated, Cuirass effect bodice with three tier skirt mounted on self Georgette, finished at waist with ribbons.

In all colours and black.

Special Price

£5 19 6

Write for Catalogue.



THE GARDEN ROOM

You are invited to visit an Exhibition of Original Garden Furniture, Tents, Cushions, etc., now being held in a newly opened department on the Second Floor.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

OF BRENNAM LIMITED

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W 1

Can be sent on approval.

No need to shave again to night

BECAUSE
I HAD A REALLY
CLEAN
SHAVE THIS
MORNING WITH

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
SHAVING SOAP

It gives such a creamy lasting lather and makes the razor go easily.

It ensures not only a clean shave, but a comfortable and easy one, and it protects from infection.

Price 1/3 per stick or tablet.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to—

WRIGHT, LAYMAN & UMNEY, Ltd., Southwark, London, S.E.1.

TOO many moderns let their cigarette smoking develop into a mere nervous habit of unconsidered repetition.
No harm in that, perhaps, so it stop short of real excess. But what a misuse of an exquisite gift of the kindly gods! Mere gratitude should dictate a more thoughtful appreciation of such good things as

MATINÉE
Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
by ALLAN RAMSAY

181 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

SIGNS AND WONDERS: Tales and Speculations by J. D. BERESFORD.
Cr. 8vo. Buff boards 5s. net. Buckram 6s. 6d. net.

ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME: Tales by A. E. COPPARD. [Second edition in preparation.]
Cr. 8vo. Orange boards 4s. 6d. net. Buckram 6s. net.

I sincerely hope that this collection of Mr. Coppard's sales will find its way into the hands of those who can appreciate them. There are 12 items in this volume and three of them are *contes* of the first class. *The Mouse* is amazingly good. . . . It will have been inferred from what I have said that Mr. Coppard writes well. I may add that at times he writes very well

—J. D. BERESFORD in the "DAILY HERALD."

They have the effect of being told by word of mouth, with the opportunism suggested by the response of the hearers to the magic of words . . . and whether they are sad or happy they all succeed in creating the atmosphere of beauty.

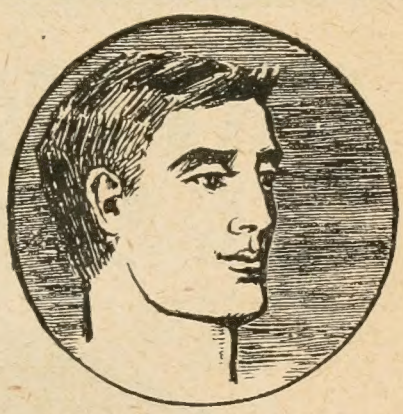
—"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

TERPSICHORE and Other Poems by H. T. WADE-GERY. [2nd Edition.]
Cr. 12mo. Blue bds. 3s. 6d. net. Buckram 5s. net.

He has set the blood singing and the limbs dancing, and we will stint no praise. Among the strident self-conscious cawings of our poetic rookeries he has, from some dewy place of thick greenery, fluted the clarities of a blackbird, and the cawings have ceased from our ears.

—LOUIS GOLDING in the "OXFORD CHRONICLE."

THE GOLDEN COCKEREL PRESS, Waltham St. Lawrence, Berks. London: Birrell & Garnett, 19, Taviton Street, W. 1.
Please send for particulars of this co-operative publishing house and forthcoming publications.



Children, youths and maidens, delight in

BERMALINE

It makes them feel akin to the freshness and beauty of the roses of ever-joyous June. Of Bermaline, the bonnie brown bread of Scottish origin, they sing, slightly revising Burns—

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the breadstuff race!
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

Finest Scotch-grown barley is present in this natural bread. Scottish skill in milling goes to make it what it is—the ideal daily bread, especially for young people, maintaining and increasing their bodily and mental strength.

Write to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, for free Sample Loaf, and name of nearest Bermaline Baker.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-FIRST NUMBER

		PAGE
1. Captain PETER E. WRIGHT	Milton	481
2. MURIEL STUART	Andromeda Unfettered	483
3. JULIAN HUXLEY	The Control of the Life-Cycle (iv)	493
4. GERALD CUMBERLAND	Under the Act	499

[*Contents continued on page* x.

CRITERION CIGARS

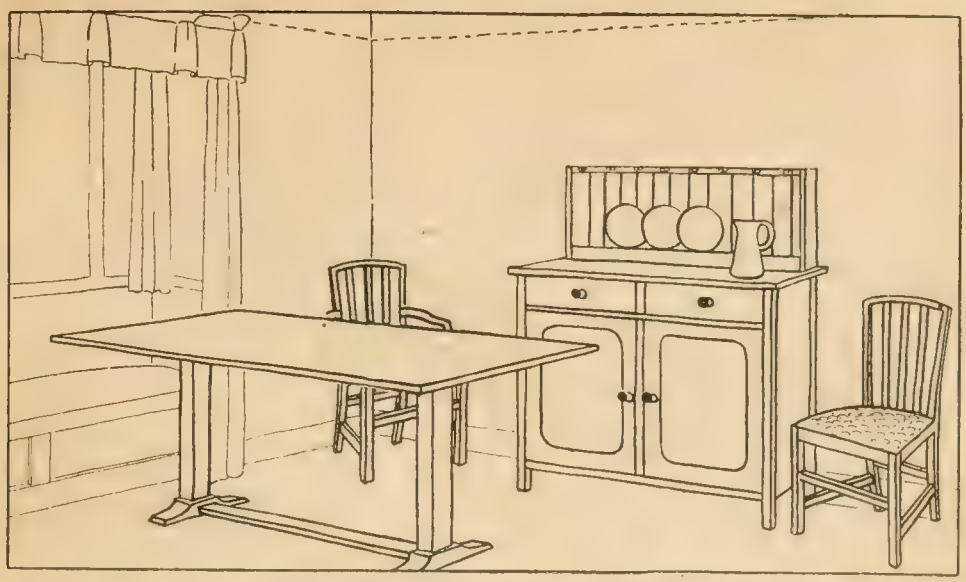
A RARE COMBINATION OF EXCELLENCE AND ECONOMY.

Manufactured from the choicest leaf, CRITERION Cigars will appeal to all lovers of a good Cigar. UNIFORM IN QUALITY and MODERATE IN PRICE

SAMPLES OF 5 FOR 3/-

In Cedar Wood Cabinet Boxes of 25, 50 & 100

C9 *Of all High-Class Tobacconists and Stores.*



Heal furniture in unpolished Oak. 4 ft. 6 in. Dresser, £17 10s.; 5 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. Dining Table, £9 10s.; Dining Chair in Tapestry, £3; Arm Chair in Tapestry, £4 10s.

MOST people would naturally rather have beautiful than banal furniture, but they are afraid it will cost them more.

At Heal's you pay only for the quality of the goods—structure, material, workmanship—not for the distinguished design or the good taste in selection, exemplified in the pieces shown above.

And this same good taste is exercised in the cheaper goods at Heal's, of which there are plenty, as a visit will show.

Write for Booklet "Reasonable Furniture."

Heal & Son Ltd

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W

BEDDING, BEDSTEAD, UPHOLSTERY AND FURNITURE MAKERS.
DEALERS IN CARPETS, CHINA, FABRICS & DECORATIVE THINGS.

CONTENTS (*continued*)

			PAGE
5.	ROBERT BRIFFAULT	The Wail of Grub Street	512
6.	EDITOR	Two Centenaries	517
7.	LEONID ANDREEV	Laughter	522
8.	GORDON CRAIG	The Living Scene	527
9.	ANGLO-INDIAN	Our Persian Muddle	533
10.	H. P. GORDON	Imperial Democracy	536
11.	S. O.	Héloïse and Abélard	541
12.	AUSTIN HARRISON	The Premier's Call to Peace	545
13.		Books	557

PLEASE HELP

£25,000

are urgently needed to carry on the valuable national work of feeding, clothing and training poor boys and girls undertaken by the

Training Ship "Arethusa"

AND Shaftesbury Homes at Bisley, Twickenham, Sudbury, Ealing and Royston, to prevent curtailment of the work.

WHAT THE SOCIETY HAS DONE AND IS DOING:—

10,000 boys have entered the Royal Navy and Merchant Services.
9,000 boys have been trained for Civil employment and for overseas.
1,100 boys and girls are now being maintained.

Patrons - Their MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN
President - H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Chairman and Treasurer - C. E. Malden, Esq., M.A.
Deputy Chairman - F. H. Clayton, Esq.
Chairman of Ship Committee - Howson F. Devitt, Esq.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP,
164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. 2.
H. Bristow Wallen and Henry G. Copeland, *Joint Secretaries.*

KING'S HEAD
Tobacco

dust in a pound of King's Head bacco: the leaf is cut in compact le circles. Don't rub or tease ese out: put them in as they are, ittle at a time, and press down ntly in the pipe-bowl. You have en a well-filled pipe of *perfectly* nded tobacco of prime full flavour at burns evenly, slowly, to the last y ash.

THREE NUNS
similar but milder

h are sold everywhere in the following packings only

Packets - - 1-oz 1/2—2-oz. 2/4
Tins - - 2-oz. 2/5—4-oz. 4/8

Three Nuns" Cigarettes

In	10's	20's	50's	100's
dium	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
nd-made	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

hen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco npany (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited
36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow (594)

ECONOMY

Cut Down WASTE

See that you get every pennyworth of value from all your

GAS APPLIANCES

Britain must practise
Thrift in little things

Make a beginning with Fuel Economy

On receipt of a postcard addressed as below a special Gas Economy Pamphlet entitled "Thrift" will be sent if this paper is mentioned

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION
30, Grosvenor Gardens, Westminster, S.W.1

C 7

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W

CREATIONS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

NARCISSUS

THE THOUGHT.

All the most beautiful things in life are inarticulate.

The most wonderful books remain unwritten. The most wonderful plays remain unspoken. The most wonderful dreams remain uncaptured.

What is the reason for this delicate silence?

Should the true artist waste the golden hours of life on the writing of a word, whilst in possession of the youth which enables him to love and to live? Should the energy of the fine emotions be prostituted to a pen, whilst the arms are yearning to capture some real creation?

THE WORD.

The illusive millennium always remains on an ever-distant horizon. We merely exist in a savagely commercial age, an age in which we are compelled to work to provide a material minimum. And if we are fortunate we are rewarded by an occasional kiss from Life.

None of us to-day can afford to be anything but materialistic. Materialism is the only thing understood or accounted of value. But if we are constrained to struggle in this pestilential morass we must concede to it no more than necessity compels.

Materialism has laid its slimy trail on creative literature, and has made niggards of us all.

THE DEED.

And so to-day Commerce is niggardly with her fruits to you and to me.

This House should really charge a unique figure for its material creations. But that figure would be beyond the capacity of the majority whose spending powers have been over-reached.

Therefore, since trade has been maintained, the charges have been reduced to mere production costs. And at the end of 1921 my Income Tax return will represent a complete simplicity. Nought from nought leaves nothing.

This is a sad fact for me and the Chancellor. But I hope we are both sportsmen.

Virtue is, on rare occasions, rewarded, and this sacrifice of profits will create a wonderful good will for Pope and Bradley. Which is really an original thing to create in these days of universal bad will.

The following prices, which will be maintained throughout the year, are actually quoted at cost. This may sound like a beautiful lie, but to me it is a disturbing truth. Lounge Suits from **£10 10s.** Overcoats from **£8 8s.** Dinner Suits from **£16 16s.** Dress Suits from **£18 18s.** Riding Breeches from **£5 15s. 6d.**

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1921.

Milton

By Peter E. Wright

I.

As one who coins in their endless kind
Should handle, darkly superscribed, defaced,
Uncouth impressions upon ore debased,
And thus a perfect round of gold should find
By an artificer of old designed
In some great town, Greek and white shining, placed
In the clear air, a coin nobly graced
With simple head or shape cut in refined
Metal; so in the heaps of English speech,
Worn blank by vulgar use, or counterfeit,
Or charactered amiss, we meet the ring
Of thy pure verse, which glitters like a thing
Inimitable, in thy brain's fierce heat
Stamped with the highest art of modern reach.

II.

I joy to turn off from the endless streets
and find the Thames, whose broad and mighty floor
reflects the heaven, unquiet in the rough roar
of winter wind, silver in summer heats.
I joy when the dull tide of business beats
to find the ancient poet's book once more
and on its page obliviously to pore
at ease, as if in quiet country retreats.
May never bricks and grime of streets and squares
and squares and streets dull me to the fresh sight
of the great river in its hundred moods:
May never press and fever of affairs
and fears lessen the ever new delight
of Samson old, or Comus in his woods.

III.

Like snow, whose feathery flakes from winter skies
innumerable descend, and the hushed air
fill falling; whose mantle on things bare,
unsightly, dull, in splendour spreads and lies,
thy words are: like manna, which we prize
little or not, divine nutriment rare,
for us to eat always and never spare;
so cheaply held, but never by the wise,
insatiable of this uncloying food.
In our age we know not nor desire
the help of Seraphs, whom the prophet saw
in ecstasy where many winged they stood;
thou too; thy lips the Seraphs touched therefore,
like his, with coals of living heavenly fire.

Andromeda Unfettered

By Muriel Stuart

ANDROMEDA (*the spirit of woman*)
PERSEUS (*the new spirit of man*)
CHORUS (1) *Women who desire the old thrall*
(2) *Women who crave the new freedom*

The following poem is not a study of the economic struggle of women, but of the deep-rooted antagonism of spirit which constitutes the eternal sex-problem.

ANDROMEDA.

Chained to the years by the measureless wrong of man,
Here I hang, here I suffer, here I cry,
Since the light sprang forth from the dark, and the day began;
Since the sky was sundered and saved from the sea,
And the mouth of the beast was warm on the breast of the sod,
And the birds' feet glittered like rings on the blossoming tree,
And the rivers ran silver with scales, and the earth was thronged
With creatures lovely and wild and sane and free;
Till the Image of God arose from the dust and trod
Woman and beast and bird into slavery.
Who has wronged me? Man who all earth has wronged:
Who has mocked me? Man, who made mock of God.

CHORUS OF FIRST WOMEN.

Nay, what do you seek?
If of men we be chained,
Our chains be of gold,
If the fetters we break
What conquest is gained?
Shall the hill-top outspread a pavilion more safe than our palaces hold?

Without toil we are fed,
We have gold to our hire,
We have kings at our thrall,
And made smooth is our bed
For the fools of desire.
We falter the world with our eyelids, at our laughter men scatter and fall.

What is freedom but danger,
And death and disaster?
We are safe: Fool, to crave
The unknown, the stranger!
More fettered the back than the burden; man bows; he is slave to a slave!

ANDROMEDA.

Yes, in most bitter waters have they drowned
My spirit, and my soul grows grey on sleep!
What if with wreaths my empty hands are bound?
I am slave for all their roses, and I keep
A tryst with cunning, and a troth with tears.
Time has kissed out my lips, and I am dumb.
I am so long called fool, I am become
That fool—of street or shrine. My body bears
Burden of men and children. I have been
All that man has desired or dreamed of me.
I have trodden a double-weary way—with Sin,
Or with Sin's pale, cold sister Chastity.
I am a thing of twilight. I am afraid.
Dull now and tame now; of myself so shamed.
Fortressed against redemption; visited
Of the old dream so seldom, as things tamed
Forget the life that their wild brother leads.
I am a hurt beast flinching at the light.
I have been palaced from the sun, and night
Runs in my blood, and all night's blushless deeds!

CHORUS OF SECOND WOMEN.

Oh world so blind, so dumb to our desiring,—
To the vague cry and clamour of our being!
Oh world so dark to our supreme aspiring,—
To the pitiful strange travail of our freeing!

We weary not for love and lips to love us;
These have been ours too often and too long;
We have been hived too close; too sweet above us
Tastes the bee's mouth to our honey-wearied tongue.

Not love, not love! Love was our first undoing,
We have lived too long on heart-beats. None can tame
The mind's new hunger, famished and pursuing,
Unleashed, and crying its oppressor's name.

All that the world could give man's mind inherits:
Two paths were set us. Baffled, weeping, yearning,
Tossed between God and Man, rebellious spirits,
We wandered, now escaped and unreturning.

We are arming, waking, terribly unfolding;
The spent world shudders in a new creation,
A dread and pitiless flowering beholding,
Burst from the dark root of our long frustration!

ANDROMEDA.

Did God but build this temple for desire
That man defraud my birthright with a kiss?
Did he not give me a spirit to aspire
Beyond man's fortunes and necessities?
Man chains the thing he fears, who fears the free;
No wildest beast was tamed as I was tamed,
No prey has been so tracked, no flesh so shamed;
Man hunts no quarry as he hunted me.
Of all the things created one alone
Rose from the earth his equal; only the might
Of his brute strength could bid my soul renounce
Its claim—forswear its just, predestined right.
To what poor shape of folly am I grown,
In whom God breathed an equal spirit once!

CHORUS OF FIRST WOMEN.

Oh sheltering arms that have bound you,
Oh hearts you have shaped to your will!
The lordliest lovers have crowned you,
They have knelt as they kneel to you still.

Why speak you so ill of such lovers,
Why question the will of such lords?
For your lips, for your laughter, Love offers
The world on a litter of swords.

They have borne for you death and disasters,
They have held you with kingdoms at stake.
The kings of the earth and the masters
Were poets and fools for your sake!

ANDROMEDA.

Was I made free for all their swords and songs?
Do fairest songs sung to caged birds sound sweet?
Did their spears hold the door whence came my wrongs?
Did they sing my spirit and the hurt of it?
There was no battle for my freedom's sake;
They never sang for pity of me. Not those
Who laud it cage the eagle: not those who break
The delicate stem most deeply love the rose.
If we have taken the path towards the hills
They have noosed our feet, they have kennelled us again.
If we have dared for separate minds and wills,
We have marched to men's laughter, and the mock of men.
Oh, lords, if you be strong why fear to raise
Our groping, pitiful bodies from the dust?
If you were preordained to shape our ways,
Why has your power shaped that way so ill?
Only the hireling master wreaks his will
On slaves, lest rulers they become at last,
And his poor hour of pride is waned and passed:
The rightful lord fears never to be just.

CHORUS OF SECOND WOMEN.

Stars, you run your course unchidden;
Sun, the sky puts forth no hand
To constrain you; unforbidden
Clouds in aëry harness stand;
And unchallenged comes the moon up, bright and slow upon the land.

Dew, no shadow moves beside you
To avert your glittering;
Wind, your race is undenied you;

Lightning, you have room to spring!
For the great, free hand of Nature gives sweet leave to
everything.

One great law controls their being,—
To their utmost bids them rise;
From the snowdrop, her bell freeing,
To the bow that leaps the skies;
For the universal order of the world in freedom lies.

But one lies here lost and driven
From the free primeval way,—
From the rights that she was given,—
That she asks of man to-day;
For her soul has faced her masters, and her spirit stands
at bay.

ANDROMEDA.

I am the Last Begotten. I am the Rose
Flung for the bed of kings. I am the Cause
Of this world's ills, its follies and its woes;
I am the unclean, the carnal, I make men pause
From God. I am Sex, and all vain bodily Lust
That men desire and spit on, and would not lose
For the bribe of Heaven. I am the little Dust
Blown from their bitter mouths. I am the Way
Of death. I am the soiled and spotted One
Bidden in silence to the Church's feast;
Yea, of all bitterest foes the crafty priest
Is mine; no hand has flung a crueller stone;
Of all oppressors him I most accuse.
I am the Fool that led the world astray,
My motherhood the fruits of my first sin.
I am the Slave to whom sick masters pray.
I am the Mother. I am Magdalen.
I am the Dæmon, I drink at dead men's lips:
My Grail is blood at midnight. I am burned
In witchcraft. I am the Weal of the world's whips.
No age has risen that has not seen me scorned.
I am the Harlot, the Accursèd Thing, the Prey;
Bartered for bread; like cattle willed away;
Sold at the shambles. I am the Chastity
Men breed for spoiling. I am the Soul at bay.
I am what men has made and marred of me.

CHORUS OF SECOND WOMEN.

Oh behold, oh, beware,
Andromeda! . . .
A wing on the air,
A step on the sands!
Oh be silent lest he
Who is master prepare,
As of old at your plea,
A new chain for your hands.

Oh, behold, oh, beware,
Andromeda!
She hears not, her cries
Still tremble the air.
O sands, set a snare
For him. Merciful skies,
Uncradle your mist!
O crag, break your breast
In murdering stone!
O lightning, untwist
Your fang from the cloud!
O winds shriek aloud
Till the sea heave and groan,
And unlock its white thunder
Till its legions be hurled,
And the beach quake thereunder . . .
Oh, Fool of the World!

(Perseus appears on the sands near Andromeda.)

PERSEUS.

Who crieth with a cry long heard of me?

ANDROMEDA.

The rebel spirit of woman that would be free.

PERSEUS.

How is she named whose wild lips so crave?

ANDROMEDA.

This is the World's Fool. This is the Slave.

PERSEUS.

Who has wronged her?

ANDROMEDA.

The ancient spirit of man.

PERSEUS.

Long was she chained?

ANDROMEDA.

Since the world began.

PERSEUS.

Who are her masters?

ANDROMEDA.

The lords of pride and of lust.

PERSEUS.

Whence comes she?

ANDROMEDA.

From dust.

PERSEUS.

Where goes she?

ANDROMEDA.

To dust!

CHORUS OF FIRST WOMEN.

Is he fooled by her hair,
Is he tranced by her eyes,
That he draweth him near,
That he speaketh him wise? . . .

He has spoken again,
He has taken her hands,
He has loosened her chain,
Unfettered she stands!

PERSEUS.

Stand there! Behold the new, uncharted day—
Not as a fool made sweet for fools to kiss;
Not as a saint to whom sick masters pray;
No more the sad shell singing of men's lust;
No more the sum of priests' pale sophistries;
But as men stand, unchallenged, equal, free,

Each path to take and every race to run.
Stand forth, O shining equal in the sun!
Unfold, upspring, outblossom from the dust,
O divinest playfellow even as we!

ANDROMEDA.

Where is he who chained me? I am weak;
I crouch still, whom the years forbade to stand.
The chain is still remembered on my neck,
There are the marks of slaves still in this hand.

PERSEUS.

No more shall he who chained you forge that chain;
He has looked upon Medusa, and has seen
What he has made of woman. To him turned
Is the last face (who shall never see again)
With its hissing, furious hair, the eyelids burned
With the eyes' hate, slime where the lips have been,
That tumbled death upon him like a stone;
And in your name Medusa smiled and spurned
A dying face more dreadful than her own.

ANDROMEDA.

The shackled feet of centuries cannot keep
Pace yet with feet that have outstripped the world.
For the maimed even the riven way is steep;
I am so strange to greatness, I am hurled
Unsceptred to my glory! I am now
Almost what you have called me, as things take
The colour of names men give them; as things grow
Fierce if dubbed fierce, and weak if branded weak,
And fools if given no name but foolishness.
I have been branded fool in life and art,—
Always a little lower, always the less,
Until the intolerable prompting has grown part
Of all I do; my labouring brain and heart
By that self-doubt are shadowed and undone.
Let me walk long beside you in the sun,
Race, wrestle with you, grow wise and swift and strong.
For I shall speak but foolish words at first
Who was hindered of wisdom since the world began.
I shall blunder and be so wayward who was nursed
On fear and folly by the laws of man.

PERSEUS.

You shall not be less sweet that you are wise,
And not less beautiful that you are strong.

ANDROMEDA.

I shall not see the scorn leap in your eyes?
Your wisdom will not do my weakness wrong?

PERSEUS.

To the freed soul of woman I make my vow!
Hand in hand we will walk in the sunrise now,
No more implacable foes, but face to face,
As masters of the world, and it shall be
Under an equal law, with equal grace—
A world where life is proud and sane and free.

ANDROMEDA.

Life must be borne. Together let us bear it!
There is no other answer to the vexed,
Sad problem of the world.

PERSEUS.

Together, free of spirit,
Of body free, one minded, equal sexed.

ANDROMEDA.

I claim of man a thousand centuries!
Shall one poor decade serve to make me wise
When men have knelt so long at wisdom's knees?

PERSEUS.

Till the last day grows dim to the last eyes!

ANDROMEDA.

Let us go forth. Comrade and friend at last.

PERSEUS.

Comrade and friend! For me a new day lies,
Splendid and strange. For you the night is passed.

CHORUS OF SECOND WOMEN.

They rise, they go forth, foot by foot, hand in hand.
He goes not before, nor she after; together they stand.

He is no less though she be the more. Thus they meet,
Long sundered whom life made for union, now at rest, now complete.

They are separate and free, they are woven and one,
And the world has grown quiet between them, the battle is done.

For this is the dream, the ideal, the designate plan,
So slow of fulfilment, so sure,—God's prevision of man.

Shared burden, shared wonder, shared wisdom and strife:
In their fellowship only is found the perfection of life.

FINAL CHORUS.

From what clear wells of wonder
Upspringing and upspringing,
From what rock cleft asunder
Leaps this stream cool and bright?
What secret joy thereunder
Melodiously upflinging
Its heart in ceaseless music upon the lyre of light?

To what high aëry choiring
This hour her way is winging,
Her dewy troth to plight?
This golden hour aspiring
Above the glad bells ringing,
More sweet than sweet birds' music, more fleet than fleet birds' flight?

What joy and hope here clinging,
With gentle fingers twining
In wrapt and mystic rite?
What love unblind is bringing
Two mortals swift and shining,
With faces to the morning, with footsteps from the night?

The Control of the Life-Cycle (iv)

By Julian Huxley

We may close with a brief account of the remarkable work which Professor Steinach—as the newspapers have all recently been telling us with greater or lesser accuracy—has been doing at Vienna. Steinach has succeeded not, as in Robertson's tethelin experiments, in altering the processes leading up to the balance, but in re-establishing the balance after it has been upset. He has shown that although the tilted balance which we call senility is normal, yet the moment of its onset can be postponed, and that even after it has started, it can be made to disappear for a time.

The balance is partly maintained by the nervous system; this is not sufficiently recognised. Often old age is only old age of the mind. But an active interest, a strong power of concentration, a regular healthy exercise of the mind and nerve-cells—all these keep up a high nervous tone, and a high nervous tone actually helps to keep the body in health. It is perfectly accurate to say that some people are kept alive by their bodies; and that other people keep their bodies and themselves alive by their minds. A healthy, vigorous mind may keep the balance of the body stable long after it would begin to tilt if left to itself.

Some of the principles of Pelmanism, some of the less extreme principles of Christian Science, thoroughly stirred in, with a good dose of common-sense, make an excellent recipe, in the absence of actual disease of the body, for a vigorous and prolonged old age. But by such means we help delay senility's advance: we do not reverse it.

The balance of maturity is also maintained by means of the ductless glands, of which we have already mentioned the thyroid and pituitary. Another important ductless gland is the so-called interstitial gland. This consists of masses of cells scattered through the substance of the reproductive organ. The reproductive organ is thus com-

posed, first of the reproductive cells themselves, secondly of nerves and blood-vessels and connective tissue, and thirdly of the interstitial tissue. By experiments, into which we cannot here enter, it has been definitely shown that this interstitial gland causes the appearance of what we call the secondary sexual characters, which differentiate the two sexes, such as, for instance, the deep voice and the growth of beard and moustache in men, and is in some way at the bottom of the instincts and emotions connected with sex.

Now in the male it has been found possible to cause an active overgrowth of these interstitial cells by means of a very simple operation, to wit, the cutting or ligating of the duct of the male reproductive organs. In the female, a similar overgrowth can also be produced, but with less ease and less certainly. As a second possibility, we can graft into an old animal the reproductive organ of a younger. In the old rats, used by Steinach, the interstitial tissue, the thyroid and the pituitary were all showing signs of degeneration; but after he had performed either of the operations I have just mentioned, a marvellous change occurred. In the first place, the interstitial tissue was stimulated to grow actively. It started to send out its secretion into the blood once more, and this by some as yet unknown means exerted an effect on the thyroid and pituitary, which were thus also brought back to activity and vigour. Finally, it exerted its effect on the brain. We must presume that it acted primarily and essentially upon the brain-centres for the sexual instincts and emotions. But the brain is not made in water-tight compartments. All know, for instance, how any great emotional experience seems to irradiate the whole of consciousness, to stir the whole of our being. So if one centre is roused into activity, it radiates impulses through the innumerable paths that connect it with all other parts of the brain and nervous system, in just the same way as an electric current sent along one wire of an inter-connected system of wires would spread to every corner of the network. In this way the stimulus in the operated rats spread from the sexual centres and revivified the whole of the animals' mental life.

As a result of these combined changes, the rats, which had been showing every symptom of old age—apathy, loss

of weight, loss of appetite, incipient baldness—in a few days after the operation, began to pick up. Not only the bodily symptoms of maturity, not only the sexual instincts, but also all other mental characters—pugnacity, alacrity, inquisitiveness, playfulness—were all restored; and the animals became indeed indistinguishable from those in the prime of life.

By such means, Steinach has succeeded in prolonging the normal span of life for rats by one-third. Not only that, but one of his colleagues, Lichtenstern, has been extending the work to man, and achieving results which seem to be essentially similar, although we are of course not yet in a position to judge whether they will be as lasting.

Some people seem to find it rather horrible, rather degrading, that such a change should be made possible through the reanimation of the gland which controls sexual characters and emotions. But they are falling into the very old error (which was, by the way, one of the chief causes of the popular hostility to Darwinism)—the error of confusing origins and values. If you and I are descended (as we undoubtedly are) from an ape-like progenitor, that is no reason for belittling the unique attributes which we and all mankind possess, or because, when we trace religion back, we see it spring from magic, superstition, and barbaric sacrifice, we are not therefore called upon to deny the supreme position which it can play in the highest lives possible to man. We cannot avoid our origins; our task is to create values out of the materials given us.

No; these results of Steinach are one more refutation of the claims of those who seek to attain perfection by suppressing or cutting out part of life. You cannot cut up life without destroying something of value. Life is one, and all its parts are needed to attain the highest pitch of living.

Ever since the work of the psychologists Freud and Jung, it has become increasingly clear that an enormous amount of the emotional energy of life—and emotion of some sort is always the driving force at the bottom of our activities—takes its origin in the sexual instinct. But the whole miracle and value of the highest type of man is that he is, if the term is permissible, a spiritual machine which can transform this flow of energy into higher types of

activity. To use the psychologist's phrase, he sublimates the energy springing from these deep and dark sources. He sublimates it into love, poetry, art, religion. Nor is the value of love, poetry, art, or religion thereby impaired; for it is absolute.

Enough will have been said to prove that we are beginning, however tentatively and incompletely, to gain an insight into the machinery on which the control of the life-cycle depends. Physics and chemistry, working with their simpler compounds and fewer concepts, are ahead of biology in tracing the operation of general laws in the phenomena with which they deal, and have forestalled the students of life in the construction of a cosmology. This cosmology of theirs passes, for want of others, as the doctrine of all science and as the only doctrine of science. As a matter of fact, the fullness of time is at hand, in which a new and more wide-embracing cosmology can and must be enunciated. The reason why this wider, biological view of the world has not yet been promulgated is biology's own complexity. There are three lines of attack on biological problems. There is first the investigation of structures, compounds, and processes, which, though physico-chemical in essence, do not occur in inorganic nature—structures like the chromosomes, compounds like the proteins, processes like the immunity reactions. Then there is the investigation of these and simpler phenomena of life in the light of the principles of pure physics and chemistry. And finally there is the investigation of phenomena which are not available for study in pure physics and chemistry, nor even by the methods of those sciences—the phenomena of Mind. Only when we are able to frame a cosmology which shall recognise and synthesise these three acts of phenomena, only then shall we begin to have any adequate philosophy of nature. We shall then discover that all our present definitions of matter are incomplete, and that the "world-stuff" is in reality endowed, not only with the properties of what we call matter to-day, but also with those of mind.

That is a philosophical digression: but it is germane to the subject, for only as knowledge progresses towards the time when such a generalisation shall be possible of acceptance by science, only so will any full measure of control be attained over the life-cycle of man, in whose workings are

involved and intertwined not only physical and chemical mechanisms, of however great complexity, but mental and spiritual mechanisms as well.

The greatest event of the nineteenth century was the revolution caused by man's sudden stride to mastery over inorganic nature. The twentieth will see another such revolution, caused by another step forward in mastery, but this time mastery over organic nature. The revolution is even likely to be greater than its predecessor; for the stuff that will be controlled is the basis of our thoughts and emotions and very existence.

Are we prepared for such a change? Can we truthfully say that we have used well the power put into our hands by the discoveries of last century? Or that we are in the least likely to use well any further power such as imagination sees maturing in the womb of discovery to-day? Have our statesmen and political thinkers ever reflected on the lesson to be learnt from the past evolution of life? The future of mankind depends on two very different things—the quality of the individuals that go to make up society, and the way in which society itself is organised—its laws, its constitution, its habits and customs, its religion, its education, its organised tradition. Improvement in either is valueless in the long run, unless accompanied by improvement in the other. But the evolution of the organisation of human society is in its infancy. If we were to draw a parallel between primitive types of society and some primitive mammal such as a duck-billed platypus, and to compare the course which we hope society will in time accomplish with what has actually been accomplished in the past in the progress of the mammalian type from a creature resembling a platypus to man, with what creature should we have to compare the existing state of human communities? I venture to say that we should be flattering ourselves if we were to fix upon the dog. We do not yet co-operate enough for that; our societies fall far short of any such efficiency.

But what is it which has been the determining factor in the upward progress of mammals? The answer of evolutionary history is unequivocal. It has been the increase of brain and the concomitant increase of mind. Let it be remembered that in saying this we do not commit ourselves

to the view that progress has been determined solely or even mainly by increase of that part of the mind which we call intellect. An equally important factor has been the increase in harmony, in co-ordination between the parts and between the actions of the organism which, too, is dependent on the elaboration of the structure of the brain. The factors which, after once a certain modicum of physical complexity has been reached, make for survival and for progress in every type of life below the level of men, are knowledge, adaptability and internal harmony. There is no reason to suppose that these same factors are not operative in the development of the human species.

Until we devise a type of society whose traditions and institutions at least make it possible for reason to take the lead in its councils, and one which does not waste the major portion of its energy and resources in external and internal warfare—until that time we must remember that it is only we ourselves who are responsible if the gifts of power bestowed on us by the labours of the enquiring intellect are wasted, misapplied, or even turned against the very foundations of society itself.

Under the Act

By Gerald Cumberland

I.

A THRUSH with its piteously exultant song and a few swallows glancing over the willow-bordered lake made more intense his mood of self-hatred as he wrote to his father. To lie in order not to hurt—surely that was justifiable! But manufacturing deliberate lies to his father seemed to twist all the world awry. Yet this letter, and many more like it, must be written before he could be free to lie no longer—free to be himself again and face the world beyond those spiked high walls and across that lake which made escape, if not impossible, at least improbable. But he had no desire to escape. He was self-imprisoned. After much thought he had put the world beyond his reach for three months; more truly, he had placed himself beyond reach of the world. For the world pulled at him; having secured him, it tried to destroy him.

There is nothing much to tell you in my weekly letter. Everything goes on exactly as it has done during the last twelve months. But this wonderful June makes me long to be with you in Devon. Not that London is not attractive: it is. Beautiful, too, in its way. But I ache for brooks and the sound of water. I can imagine you pottering about in the garden after breakfast. Those pink thingummies—I never can remember their names—will be coming up now, and down in the rock garden there will be nothing but freshness and innocence. "Not God in gardens?"

I've fixed up my holiday for September. That is the Silly Season in journalism here. I am to do the Musical Festival at Hereford in the first week of that month for the *Trumpet*, and I shall come on from Hereford to you. I daresay I can manage a whole month if I bring some work down with me. I've made a hit with a series of short stories—thirty quid each, and I've started a novel. This literary-journalistic game is a much easier business than you'd believe.

Give my love to the goats and the ducks and to Edward (you don't forget his afternoon cake?), and to Holdall and to all the live things that keep you company at Smallgates. And, dear Daddy, to you I send all my wishes for happiness and contentment.

Your loving son,

JACK.

He was re-reading the letter to make sure it was quite "safe" when the library door opened. A boy of twenty-two, flannelled and radiant with health, looked in.

"My *dear* fellow!" he exclaimed. "You ought to be bathing or playing tennis or something or other. Everybody's out—even old Scrogs. Contemplating your purple past?"

"No—inventing an apocryphal present. Oh, I do hate having to invent all these lies, Standing. It's abominable. Look—I've been writing to dad."

He passed Standing the letter.

"May I read it?"

"Do. It makes me sick."

The boy read the letter and frowned.

"Pretty rotten, isn't it?" he said. "But buck up, old son. I suppose you've got to do it. Thank God, my pater knows all about *me*; he fixed me up here—arranged the whole caboodle."

"Yes, I've got to do it. Dad's the sort of man—well, he *believes* in me, Standing. If he knew about *this*!—oh, he'd—it'd just about finish things for him. He's a parson, you know. He's only got me and, instead of living his own life, he lives mine. *You* know. He gives me all his own virtues. He's so honourable himself that he can't see dishonour in other people. To have a son who's an inebriate——"

"Chuck it, Jordan. Inebriate, forsooth! Look here, sonny, we're *not* inebriates. Get that into your thick skull. Once admit you're an inebriate, and you're done for. We've been bowled over by the war: the doc. says we have. Nerves—and all that sort of thing. You don't compare yourself with Scrogs and that swine Havering, do you? We haven't got purple noses and trembling hands, and we're not always thinking of alcohol and planning how to get it."

"No. But we're young. We're only just beginning. Standing, if I thought that I should ever become like some of the nasty, whisky-sodden hounds here, I'd—well, I'd cut my little throat and bleed prettily to death in the bath."

"So would I. But thank God we're not as other men. But our job is to get fit, and you're not doing yourself a hell of a lot of good by indulging yourself in remorse. Come

and have a swim. I've just played five sets of tennis—singles—since lunch, and—*ee, lad, ah'm all of a muck!*" He grinned. "Positively, my pores have exuded some pints of ruddy perspiration."

"You *look* hot. Yes, I'll come when I've addressed this envelope. I say, Standing—I've never liked to ask you—but are you under the Act?"

"Yes. And you?"

"I've signed on for three months. And jolly glad I am that I have—or should have cleared out long before now. Not that I mind this place; but every time I write to Dad I get the black blues. I've got to send the letters to London to be posted there. It's rotten! Suppose he found out!"

"That's right, sonny. Go it! Sit there all afternoon and keep on saying to yourself sepulchrally: 'Suppose he found out!' You're a cheerful blighter, Jordan, I *must* say. Full of wit and merriment. As a matter of fact, you ought to be jolly well bucked with yourself. I wish I could write like you. I suppose, for a chap of twenty-four, you're frightfully successful. And you can do your work here as well as anywhere else. And yet—Gorblimey!—you talk as though you'd ruined your little life, and nothing could save you. Come orf it!"

Jordan smiled.

"Give me one of your wonderful cigarettes," he said, "and then run upstairs and get my towel and bathing-drawers."

"Yes?—and then?"

"Oh—boil yourself!"

II.

They had the bathing-place to themselves, but on the lawn, almost level with the lake, sat most of the "guests" of the Home for Inebriates. A croquet foursome was in progress. But the young men as they undressed were protected from view by a thick orchard and a few silver birches whose reflections in the water made the lake doubly inviting.

Standing, tall, fair and supple, soon slipped out of his flannels, and disclosed a body scarred by wounds. A long, broad streak of purple ran downwards along his right breast. He sprang off the diving-board, somersaulted in mid-air,

and entered the water almost noiselessly. Jordan soon followed him. The two white bodies, slipping and gliding in the blue-green water, attracted the attention of the men on the lawn, and a few of them strolled to the bank to watch the swimmers. They envied them bitterly. These two boys were what they themselves had been and would be no more.

"There's no hope for *them*!" said Havering, an old-young man, obese and crapulous. "To be drunkards at their age—good God! they haven't a ghost of a chance."

"But they're our White Hopes," sneered Marley. "They'll help to send up the average of the doctor's 78 per cent. of cures."

"Cures! No one who's ill enough to come here ever does get cured. *I* know. Once an inebriate always an inebriate. I give that chap Standing five years. He'll be in and out of Home after Home until he lands in gaol or Australia or hell."

"The other beggar's doomed as well. He's got it in him. He's either bubbling over with high spirits, or as irritable as a spoiled baby. Those writing chaps are all the same. It's always either drugs or drink."

"Yet they're as confident and cocky as Christmas turkeys."

"Well, it's their first visit. They haven't our experience, Havering," said Marley, dryly.

Most of the onlookers shared their views. Foiled time after time in their endeavours to conquer their masterful weakness, they hated to hear of a man who had won through. Each "cure" was to them both a gibe and a reproach. They hated Standing and Jordan because they were the most normal, the most healthy, patients in the Home. The two boys were offensive in their exuberant vitality. All day they played tennis or racquets, or swam in the lake; the evenings were spent in rather noisy music in the big music-room at the top of the house.

Havering turned away with a snort of contempt.

"Conceited little swine," he said. "I'd give anything to get them both drunk."

Marley, bored, spiteful and contemptuous, followed him.

"Why not?" he asked. "It *could* be done."

"Oh, yes, it *could* be done if you or I were to sacrifice some of our secret supply. But I don't hate them so much that I'd make myself miserable on their account."

"Well, will you go halves with me? I can provide half-a-bottle if you can arrange another. A bottle between them ought to do the trick."

Havering mused. They had crossed the lawn and were walking under the noble beeches and chestnuts that were massed along the lake's bank. Suddenly, he stopped and faced his companion.

"Done!" he said. His eyes, like black beads, shone malignantly. "I'll do it, Marley. And to-night's the night. Leave it to me. It shall take place at the concert, when both of them are excited and off their guard. I'm stage-manager, as usual, and behind the scenes—well, by the time Standing's last song comes, he'll be as ripe as a bunch of bursting grapes."

Though the discipline at the Home was strict and the doctor in charge untiringly watchful, drink in small quantities was occasionally smuggled into the house. The dipsomaniac is as cunning as the drug-taker. Both Havering and Marley had accomplices in the neighbouring village. At times agreed upon, a bottle of whisky would be dropped over the spiked wall into the grounds. If consumed during the night, the risk of discovery was minimised, but exposure was inevitably only a matter of time.

III.

To the man in confinement the whole world is out of focus; the smallest events assume gigantic importance, and the great doings of the outer world pass unnoticed. Thus the men, old and young, who after dinner drank their coffee and smoked their cigarettes in the billiard-room, exhibited a childlike jollity and excitement both grotesque and pitiful. It was a very special occasion. Two comedians—one of whom was a well-known artist—had come down from London to perform. They had been present at dinner, and the meal, instead of being the depressing and silent affair it usually was, had been enlivened by all kinds of jokes and continuous laughter.

Even Havering had been genial. Marley, watching him, had feared that he had already broached the bottle

intended for Standing and Jordan, and began to despair of the success of their plot. But Marley's fears were groundless. Havering's hatred and envy of youth and youth's promise were too deep and bitter to allow him to throw away so golden a chance of revenging himself on what he could nevermore possess.

It was so easy, or so it seemed. Already Jordan appeared to be unnaturally, artificially, happy and *exalté*. He was laughing with Mr. Willie Giddens, the comedian, when Havering entered the little dressing-room from which he issued his orders.

"Got all your music?" he asked Jordan, who was the accompanist for the evening.

"Yes—encores as well. Mr. Giddens has substituted a monologue for his third song. It's damned funny—about a man——"

They were interrupted by Mr. Orlando Poffit, the famous revue artist, who was already half stripped and daubed with grease-paint. He took Jordan by the arm.

"Come here, young feller," he said, and led him to the dressing-room. "Now," he began, waggishly, "what's yours? Anything you like, bar water."

He pulled aside a curtain and revealed a couple of bottles of whisky standing on the floor.

"It's awf'ly good of you, Mr. Poffit," said Jordan, embarrassed; "but, you see, I don't drink. That's what I came here for—to stop drinking, I mean."

Poffit began to laugh and, stooping down, picked up one of the bottles.

"All precautions have been taken—bottles uncorked already—a soundless syphon—parsley provided. Now then, young feller, with *me*! You can't drink with Orlando Poffit every day."

He meant it. To him with his gross vanity it was impossible for any decent man to refuse to drink with Orlando Poffit. For a second Jordan hesitated; but only for a second. After all, one drink could do no harm! He wasn't much of a man if he couldn't drink a whisky and soda. Besides, Poffit was only a grown-up child, and it was not in Jordan to hurt a child's feelings.

"Right you are, Mr. Poffit. I'll drink with you—but I wouldn't with anyone else."

The great man poured out a large measure and handed it to Jordan who added water. He was in the middle of his drink when he heard Havering calling him; gulping down the remainder of it, he smiled at Mr. Poffit as the latter gave him a sprig of parsley.

But Havering *knew*. Eagle-eyed, he noticed Jordan's half-concealed look of nervous guilt. Good! It was so much trouble saved. It was already done: one drink meant many. In a couple of hours Jordan would be "well away."

And so it transpired. Yet Jordan's secret was undetected by all save Standing. Even Marley who sat in the front row noticed nothing unusual. There was excitement in the air. Willie Giddens was funny enough with his unashamed vulgarities and his immense knowingness; but Mr. Orlando Poffit was indubitably IT. He drew back at nothing. He was performing to an audience of men—men of the world; well, wasn't he a man of the world also? "That's the stuff to give 'em!" he said to himself, as a particularly *risqué* story released a shout of joy from his listeners. Each item proved more successful than its predecessor, and during the short interval Poffit, Giddens, Havering and Jordan retired to the dressing-room and closed the door. A scout was placed outside to keep watch for the doctor.

It was just before the beginning of the second half of the programme that Standing approached his friend.

"Be careful, sonny," he said. "Cut it out!"

"Yes? Cut what out?"

"Well, I'm not blind, if the others are. You'll be in serious trouble if——"

"Oh, you're jealous!" said Jordan, curtly.

"On the contrary, Havering's twice pressed me to drink——"

But as the curtain had been rung up, Jordan left him and strode on to the platform to his place at the piano.

IV.

At half-past ten the concert was over, and Poffit had departed with Giddens. At eleven o'clock the lights downstairs would be extinguished, and the patients would obey Rule No. 5 of the Home, which required that each man should be in his own room by that hour. Jordan was in the

library, the excited centre of a little group of men who, though disappointed that Havering had not succeeded in making him actually drunk—the supply of whisky had failed—were gratified that the drink he had taken had made him noisy and voluble. They secretly wished that he would be found out and humiliated. An unwritten code made it impossible for any of them to betray him directly to the doctor, but they hoped that Jordan's excited voice and high, mirthless laughter would attract him to the room. Exposure would then be inevitable.

Standing stood on the outskirts of the group, waiting for an opportunity to rescue his friend. Once or twice he caught his eye, but Jordan was in that condition of flattered vanity that made every word he uttered seem winged with wit, and he took pleasure in ignoring Standing's signals. His listeners supplied all the laughter and appreciation his soul desired.

A diversion was caused by Havering's entrance.

"Well, I never thought *you'd* jump off at the deep end, Jordan!" he began, aggressively. "You're the doctor's White Hope, *you* are."

Everybody laughed; under cover of the noise, Standing approached his friend. He did not know what to say; whatever he said would be resented. Yet he must risk it. It seemed to him of immense importance that Jordan should be drawn away from these low-down skunks whose assumed camaraderie masked hatred. In a flash there came to his mind the letter that Jordan had written that afternoon to his father. He remembered a phrase from it—a sentence that had stuck in his mind because it seemed such an unusually tender thing for a son to say to his father. He bent towards Jordan and whispered in his ear:

"'And, dear daddy, to you I send all my wishes for happiness and contentment.'"

Jordan turned upon him in anger.

"What the hell——?" he began.

"Come outside. I have something very important to tell you."

Havering was still talking, but he interrupted himself when he saw that his prey was about to escape.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Going? Going to bed, my little drunkard?"

The venom in his voice was unmistakable.

"When I'm sober, Havering, I'll smash you," said Jordan. "I'll smash your mean little face to jelly."

But when once in the open air with Standing he forgot his anger.

"What do you want, Standing?" he asked.

"Nothing. Only I hated to see you with that beastly crowd. Besides, you were kicking up a hell of a row. The doctor might have come in any minute."

"Well, it's been a damned jolly evening, Standing: damned jolly. What an extraordinary chap Poffit is! Funny that such a clever actor should be so brainless. Just a lump of fat, Standing. A vain lump of fat. Hullo, what's this?"

They were walking along the terrace in front of the house. Jordan stopped before a ladder against which he had nearly collided in the dark.

"Strange!" he said. "It's resting against Reilly's window. You don't suppose he intends to escape, do you?"

"Oh, no—you forget. Reilly left this morning. No: they're painting the house or something. The new patient who came this evening has got Reilly's room."

"A new patient?"

"Yes. An elderly chap. On the verge of d.t.'s, one of the servants told me."

"On the verge of d.t.'s! What a lark! I'd love to give him a scare!"

Standing humoured him: it was safer.

"Would you? I expect the beggar's asleep now. He'll be soaked in paraldehyde."

"Well, I'll see."

Before Standing had grasped his purpose, Jordan was half-way up the ladder.

"Come down, you idiot!"

But Jordan was now at the window-sill, and was putting his head through the open window. Suddenly, he made an ear-splitting shriek, a cry like that of a madman in torture. A second later he had slid down the ladder and was at Standing's side.

"I bet that gave him a shock!" he said, grinning drunkenly.

Before they had time to move away, there came from the room above a cry like that of an infuriated animal of the jungle. There followed it peal after peal of maniacal laughter; the laughter rose higher and higher, until it became like the whimper of a child. It froze Standing with horror.

"Good Lord, Jordan! What in God's name have you done?"

Inarticulate shouted words reached them. They heard the crash of overturned furniture. Appalled by the consequences of Jordan's act, they stood unable to move.

"Take me away, Standing," said Jordan, clutching his friend's arm; "I feel sick—bloody sick."

V.

The reaction was upon him. Remorse self-disgust and fear made sleep impossible. It was incredible that those things had happened! Incredible that, carelessly and without resistance, he had fallen an almost willing victim to the first assault of temptation. He had broken his daily vows—broken them as if they did not matter, as if his whole future were not built upon them. During the last month he had often told himself that it was the first drink only that mattered; it was, so to speak, the first drink that always made him drunk. The doctor had given him grave warning that in his case moderate drinking was an impossibility: he must either abstain completely or die a dipsomaniac. Jordan had believed him. From his own experience he knew it to be true. Then why had he taken whisky with Poffit? Why? Why? Had he no power of will? Was he made of such flimsy stuff that a mere suggestion, the wish of a fool, could drive him before it?

As he lay with closed eyes, the events of the last few hours came to him in a series of pictures. He gazed at each apprehensively, but his eyes opened wide with fear when there came to him the dim vision of that wretched creature lying in bed; with the vision came the searing recollection of those horrible yells of terror, of that brittle laughter that rent the night like the screech of an owl. To the boy it seemed impossible he should have done this thing. When in his sober senses, there was no one who hated

cruelty, callousness, or injustice more than he did. Yet only a few hours ago he had wilfully injured a sick man; it was as though he had struck on the mouth someone who was bound and helpless . . . .

Sleep came at dawn, but an early sun entered his bedroom and mocked him. The dewy, fresh morning made of him something unclean; the scent of roses was a reproach. He rose, slipped on his dressing-gown, left the house, and went down to the lake. The first dive, the swift immersion in that chilly water, magically ousted his morbidity. His fighting instinct reasserted itself, and even as he played about in the lake, and glanced at the tiny drops of spray lit up by the sun, he told himself that now, indeed, he had learned his lesson. Never could it happen again! Now, at last, he was safe.

His mood of exhilaration slowly dropped from him as he returned to his room. He felt languid—tired—ready for sleep. And, indeed, almost as soon as his head touched the pillow, he slipped calmly and deliciously into unconsciousness . . . .

He entered the breakfast-room with his head held high, and ignored the glances of malicious amusement thrown at him by Havering, Marley and Scrogs. No longer did he feel conquered by his weakness. True, he had fallen, but he would rise again. He was not the kind of man to indulge himself in useless remorse, and his immediate duty was to show his mockers that they had failed to injure him.

But half-way through breakfast a shocking incident took place. The doctor entered and, standing at the head of the table, held up his hand to enjoin silence.

"I am sorry to interrupt you, gentlemen," he began, in a clear, grave voice, "but I must take advantage of your all being together to make a statement and ask a question. Early last evening a new patient was admitted. He arrived in a condition that, from the nervous and mental point of view, was very precarious. Now, I do not know if it really is so, but I have some reason to believe that late last night some foolish and, I've no doubt, thoughtless and unconsidered trick was played upon him. At all events, he received a shock of some kind. The immediate result was that he lost his reason. I fear that he will never recover it. He is to be removed this morning to the Workington

Asylum. I wish you all to know that either I myself or my secretary will be in my office until eleven o'clock this morning. Any communication that is made to either of us will be treated as confidential. I hope that the gentleman who was responsible for this mad act that has had such terrible consequences will himself confess. It is a thing that, if it really happened, cannot be concealed."

He left the room in silence. Something disintegrating was creeping upon Jordan. His entrails seemed to move within him. Yet he continued eating. He met his enemies' glances and did not quail. But he suffered almost to breaking-point. Then, suddenly, he looked up at Standing. His friend betrayed nothing; Jordan saw within his eyes both compassion and a promise of secrecy. He took courage from this, and ate on steadily; he acted his part with every outward sign of composure. But he could have shouted with relief when, having folded his napkin, he rose and left the room.

Outside! He must get outside! He must be alone to think! He saw nothing of that morning's beauty as, hatless, he paced up and down the garden.

His first instinct was to confess. It was his nature to be open and frank. He had done a foolish, but not a wicked, act; if the consequences of that act had been tragic, it was the venom of fate that was responsible. But what would confession entail? Exposure—exposure to the world? Would a public enquiry be held, and his name printed in the newspapers? Would all the world—his father—know? . . . He could not answer these questions . . . If he chose to keep silence, they could prove nothing. They might be suspicious of him, but no one would really *know*. In any case, what was the use of confession? It could not mend matters. Confession could not restore the maniac to sanity.

It was when he was passing the lake that Standing joined him.

"Don't take it too badly, old son," he said.

"But what am I to do, Standing?" he demanded. "What am I to do?"

"Do nothing."

"But I want to. I want to tell. I feel—oh, damnation!—I don't know—but I feel, somehow, as though it won't be so dreadful if I confess."

"It will. It will be just the same. No; it will be worse."

"Why? How?"

"You'll be a marked man. They'll remove you. You're under the Act. They have power over you. You've signed on. If you confess to having touched alcohol—well, they can punish you, Jordan."

"But perhaps I ought to be punished."

"I understand. I understand how you feel. But to-morrow, in a day or two, it will be different. For God's sake, Jordan, stiffen your back. I'll stand by you. If I'm questioned, I shall say nothing happened. We walked up and down last night for ten minutes or so, and then went quietly to bed. You behaved wonderfully at breakfast. You gave nothing away—absolutely nothing! Stick it out, old son!"

They were on the point of reaching the main entrance of the Home, when they heard a slight disturbance in the hall—the sound of low voices and the shuffling of feet. A bell rang. Then the butler opened the spiked double-doors of the garden. A motor-ambulance slowly entered.

The two boys had stopped.

"Come away!" whispered Standing; "they are bringing him out! They are going to take him to the asylum."

But Jordan was rooted to the ground. Large eyes stared out of his white face.

"Oh, no, no! I must see him! I must see what I have done!"

Three men walking side by side came out of the hall; they moved slowly and with difficulty towards the ambulance. The two outer men were supporting him who tottered between them. The man in the middle was talking excitedly, madly. He was resisting his companions.

Something in Jordan's brain seemed to burst. The ultimate wickedness of the world was revealed to him. He knew that man! As a child he had been fondled by him!

He ran forward with outstretched, protective arms.

"Oh, daddy! daddy!" he cried in anguish.

The Wail of Grub Street

By Robert Briffault

Of the sounds of woe which, as in Dante's second circle, fill the air, not the least pitiful and considerable are the wails of those—to carry the allusion further—"whose reason is subject to their talent"; in less esoteric words, the laments of the providers of art, of literature. While we live on printed paper, and "Reparations" and "Indemnities" are being astutely adjusted by means of that commodity, literature is the only form of printed paper that is becoming uncashable. The unpopular weeklies with small circulation are doleful with intellectual tears; the popular dailies with "unexampled circulation" wear the smile of the tiger. Sir Hall Caine—strange hierophant—pronounced not long ago the funeral oration of literature. Public barbarism, the nepotism of the critics, and the price of paper bid fair, the wailing voices lament, to snuff out the light of art and culture from the land of Shakespeare.

The causes of that distress appear to me considerably more complex than is commonly allowed. To set it down to the price of paper is the expression of a puerile misunderstanding of essentials. The quality of the public demand has been sufficiently adverted to and bewailed; but what it may perhaps be not unprofitable to consider is the intrinsic quality of the supply. It is a salutary discipline, when we have railed at gods and men, to turn for a moment our critical eye upon ourselves, and to reconsider the assumption of our own faultlessness. Is the quality of our literary production adapted, artistically, to present conditions?

To the barbarian, art, literature, are luxuries, and have never been anything else—occasional, quite subordinate forms of delectation. And as luxuries, as very secondary luxuries—silk stockings, for instance, being of vastly more momentous significance in the world's economy—they are the first things to be dispensed with and jettisoned. In-

evitably. That is the barbarian point of view, and it is utter folly to quarrel with it.

But it is quite another matter when the artist himself adopts that point of view. When he regards himself as a provider of luxury, as a professional entertainer, as an expert delectator and titillator of barbarian tastes, when he accepts the barbarian's estimate of his work, agrees to account it a luxury and to hawk it as such, he forfeits his right to speak as an artist, to complain of barbarism, or to lament the fate of the art which he has denied and debased. The temptation is, of course, abominably strong, cruel, threateningly irresistible, as all economic pressure invariably is. To yield or not to yield to it is a purely personal matter for the artist. He may not be of a breed to consume his own fat; he must live. That is his business; *je n'en vois pas la nécessité*. He is to be commended for his commercial acumen when he gives them "the stuff they want." But let us be clear about it: he is no longer to be accounted an artist, or his commerce confounded with art.

Between the old days of complacent well-being and the present times of stress, there is, in respect of the functions of art and of literature, a world of difference. In prosperous ease luxuries are sought and treasured; every variety of delight is welcomed, every curious and elegant quality that offers mild degrees of refined and strange excitation is accepted as a contribution to the luxurious enrichment of life. No demand is made of it beyond those mild and tepid values. In a luxurious society rococo art, Boucher pastorals, things merely delicate and refined, exotic, elegantly soothing, perversely precious, curiously attractive, are prized and flourish. It is not demanded of them that they shall be great art. The greatest art is, indeed, of too rugged a quality mostly to be entirely in harmony with the needs of a world complacently contented. Excess of seriousness, for instance, is, as Walter Pater charmingly noted, "a misconception of the perfect manner." The coarser, baser, lower forms are, of course, in such a world also excluded—from sight at least. They minister to the grossness of the barbarian, who is not absent from such a world, but whose vulgarity is less obtrusive in the general harmony of favoured conditions.

But the pressure of times of stress completely changes

those conditions. It exercises a drastic, wholesale, relentless natural selection. That selective elimination strikes first and chiefly at the delicate and refined artistic production which perfumed epicurean culture. Luxuries are jettisoned. The barbarian invades civilisation. His coarse forms of stimulation, formerly maintained in the relative subordination of mere vulgarity, now occupy the foreground. Life, shrunk to the shell of self-preservative instincts, turns, when it takes breath for a moment from the squalor of its preoccupation, to crapulous excitation, or it falls to superstition. The hawker of literary luxury is confronted with a new situation; if he is to survive he is called upon, on sound commercial principles, to lower still further the quality of the "stuff they want." A second apostasy is demanded of him; he steps down another flight.

But in all this, observe, art in the proper sense, the art that does *not* regard itself as a luxury, is not at all involved or affected. Only the art that is conscious of being a luxury, mediocre art therefore, is threatened with elimination. So far as regards the commercial aspect of true art, that is very much the same in social opulence or in social stress. It may starve equally well in either. Since it is unconcerned with adapting itself to the luxury-market, that market, that is, public taste, must adapt itself to it. A necessarily slow process. Great art has almost invariably to abide the precarious progress of discovery, long before which, in most cases, the producer of great art is at peace. But, if anything, it is in stressed conditions that it most readily comes into its own. Most great art has been "wrought in the troublous days." It is then most needful. For it is not a luxury, but the very breath of life.

Let us once more consider the old riddle of its nature.

The grimy street along which, maybe somewhat wearily, you trudge is in its sordid ugliness a thing from which you avert your eye, seeking refuge, perhaps, in some inward vision of a luminous world athrob with the joy of colour. Of that selfsame squalid street, however, your true artist may make a precious thing which your eyes will feast on, and which you will treasure as a joy. Wherein lies the wizardry? You will say that he has used the material but as a theme for some crafty effect, heightening and selecting, leading the eye along through chords of harmonious tones.

But if the thing be indeed true art, the secret of the transmutation lies not in tricks of technique. It is the manifestation of the interest with which the artist has been able to look at the thing from which you averted your offended eye, of the zest with which his mind, by virtue of its intrinsic mood and quality, has viewed it. To yourself the same drab sordidness may on certain occasions—seen once more, say, after long exile—become instinct with joy. What art communicates, then, is that joy, that zest, that interest in the thing viewed, in life; not the presentment of an object, not the deftness of the craftsman, but his mental quality, the quantity of vigorous and valid life in his mood, the power with which he is enabled to look upon the world, to see through its drabness and ugliness into its beauty, to see, like the true thinker,—who is in that respect one with the artist—through the clouds and mists, through pessimisms to optimisms. It is not his vision which the artist gives you, but the spring of his vision; not what he sees or does, but the measure of living force with which he can see or do. That for which you are beholden to the artist is not the form which, in tones, in words, he has moulded, not the pleasantness of feeling which that form may afford you, but the life-force which he has transfused from his soul into yours.

That, ultimately, is the cash-value of art, the artist's marketable ware: his soul, his life-power and force.

Certain savages eat the brains and hearts of their nobler foes, that they may be wise and brave in life's battles. If the artist's brain and heart can give that, even barbarians will feed on them.

The task of art is in the present epoch incomparably more complex and more difficult than at any previous phase of human evolution—infinitely greater, therefore, and more sublime. For in order to approach it the artist must needs provide himself with new values, the old values having entirely ceased to be applicable, or capable, therefore, of affording the piercing power of that vision that constitutes art. To attempt, as does the foolish wretch of a politician, to deal with a transformed world and to view it in terms of wholly obsolete and incommensurable values is to flounder amid the flotsam and jetsam of the wreckage. To pretend, as so many scared souls are engaged in doing, to adjust new

values by timid compromises and disguises into the semblance of those that served in the old world is that very process of prostitution by which art abdicates. The artist must himself be born again in order to encompass his novel task. But in order to effect the transmutation in his soul that can alone enable him to pierce through to an actual life-giving vision of reality, more even is demanded of him than mere good-will and probity. For the difference between the old and the new values lies precisely in this, that the former depended upon transmitted sentiments of the mind itself, whereas, for the first time, the validity of applicable values rests upon the induction of an experience wide as humanity, vast as the structures of new knowledge. It was hitherto possible for the artist to set about his task as did that old sociologist who began his treatise with the words, " Let us, in the first place, set aside all facts." The requirements of artistic vision, of the vision that can penetrate to the reality of power and joy, are only possible through a discipline of thought undreamed of in the simpler conditions of art in the past. Thoughtless art is no longer possible.

The art that can accomplish its task need not, as indeed it must not, trouble itself with the price of paper. Barbarism and the smiling tiger can only kill the art that is a luxury, mediocre art, art which has little to give. Let us condole with it with beseeming decorum. As for true artists, if such there be, it is not they, but barbarism and the tiger that are in danger.

Two Centenaries

By the Editor

LAST month two centenaries were celebrated, in France and in England, reverently, characteristically, constituting in their striking polarity of idea a definite manifestation of race and culture. The French did homage to Napoleon, we toasted the *Manchester Guardian*, and in quite particular association its editor, Mr. C. P. Scott: who for half a century has conducted the fortunes of that great newspaper.

In Paris the wonderful Corsican was celebrated with passionate martial enthusiasm, with drums and copes, as a religious ritual. All the pomp and panoply of military, political, and episcopal Paris did the dead soldier reverence, and the women of France laid flowers upon his sepulchre. It was a national testimony. History repeats itself. The more things change, the more they remain the same, and so, as the result of the greatest of all wars fought and won by the world in arms in the name of French liberty, all France worships the military genius who sought by arms to make France supreme; whom we poured out our blood and treasure to destroy. In that act of consecration, France attested before the world still bleeding from its wounds, still agonised by war. The poor historian may perhaps shudder. Is this all that men have learnt? Is there still nothing beyond mere force? The answer was well given by Marshal Foch in a memorable tribute published in the *Times*. Napoleon "was not God," his failure was moral. He sought too much. The machine could not stop. In aiming at world supremacy, he struck at the law of life, which is that there is no supremacy because in this world there is and can be no finality. And so the "immortal" soldier proved in the end, like all men, to be mortal. His purpose was fulfilled. Historically, he was but an incident in man's evolution. He, the man, failed, yet his spirit

passed on and into life. Precisely where he felled, he gave birth. What he struck down, re-lived. His "decisions" proved mere geographical disturbances. He gave to Europe the two freeing forces of imperialism—Nationality and political liberty, and the net result of Napoleonism, of his battles and victories, was the liberating movement of 1848 and the great Nationalist re-creations of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Germany, which ultimately culminated in the racial consolidation of the German Empire.

Such is the historic lesson of Napoleon. From the man of arms there arose the idea, the idealism, of freedom, the spirit of modern Europe, which fought for France in the world war. What defeated Napoleon defeated the Germans, and for the same reason. For the Germans too sought a supremacy. They too aimed at a physical-force domination and solution of Europe, and, like Napoleon, they have been struck down by the Zeitgeist or spirit of the age, as all world-conquerors in history. Mere achievement in this world is ephemeral. Force breeds force, and its clash is always negative. Death, the art of death, only kills the dead—life goes on, and life is moral in its purpose. Man is but an instrument; in the end battles are but memories. What lives is idea. It was Napoleon who uncrowned Europe, and re-made Germany. It was Napoleon who uprooted feudalism and gave to Peoples the idea of Nationality. It was his wars and his genius for war that established modern democracy, as it emerges quivering and stricken from the first world democratic struggle, and as we read of the benedictions and blessings vouchsafed by France in memory of her greatest soldier, man in his glory must fain salute.

Not the dead, but the living. Not the soldier, but the spirit of the man who in his own despite was by his very greatness a liberator. In the adoration of Napoleon, men but worship the vanity of things. It is an emotion, it can no longer be an inspiration. The spirit of Napoleon lives to-day in its negation, once more attested in millions of newly-dug graves representing the flower of Europe. Napoleon triumphs as the will to live, nay, the right to live, and those who merely venerate his glory pay lip service to a dead epoch. This war was won by conscious Peoples. We do not yet know its idea; we cannot even descry the

new promptings and forces destined to reshape and build a liberated mankind still benumbed and bemused, groping in the darkness of suffering and doubt. Yet assuredly the war will give birth to some great unifying, recuperative idea. It cannot leave us with a mere displacement of boundaries, with a mere assertion of physical power; of a certainty it will not end in a simple pæan of victory. Fought by all, the war must be won by all, for all, or it will have been fought in vain; for such is civilisation's only justification. If a century ago men fought for Nationality, this century we may indeed have fought for Internationality; we do not know. Certainly, it was not to reincarnate Napoleon. In honouring Napoleon, the French pay homage to action; they bury the dead. That is all. Before us is the problem of the new life—the new idea, and that is not a soldier's consideration. At Notre Dame the bugle sounded : *debout les morts*. It is "not enough." It is an evocation, not an invocation. Almost unceremoniously, we pass to the other centenary, the quiet celebration of the *Manchester Guardian*, born on the day of Napoleon's death.

Here we are in the grip of life, of idea, of moral force. Not a London newspaper, in fact curiously little read in the capital, the *Manchester Guardian* is undoubtedly the greatest English newspaper in the sense that it is the most steadfast personation of the national thought, and that despite of, perhaps because of, its frequently only too startling dissociation from the tempestuous seas of what is called opinion. It is and has always been a platform of considered idea, if at times seemingly despairingly so. The *Guardian* may be likened to Father Neptune, who, no matter what stormy gales blow or what wild seas and mists disturb and obfuscate our equanimity, emerges always serene and trustworthy, with his trident. Invariably it turns up—more or less right. "What Manchester says to-day England will say to-morrow" has become a proverb in the language, and it is due primarily to its newspaper pointing, like a beacon, in the night. Indeed the *Guardian* has become an institution of wonder, so steadfast has been its course, so undeviating its moral purpose, so balanced its judgments. "We know where we are," as the saying is, and a very good old English saying it is. At times, we lay this organ of steadfastness

down; "we will try the more up-to-date platforms," we cry. Yet we return. We have to return to it, and this is its supreme merit and function. In a news sense, it is our daily check. We seek it out for accurate facts; for considered reports, for reasoned impulse, for—truth. Not to read it is to ignore England.

Such a thing is of an international significance to-day. This English celebration of a newspaper and of its editor is characteristic of our national good sense, and in the very heterogeneity of the appreciation, from the King downwards, comprising men of all parties, all beliefs, all opinions, we as surely attest to a civilisation as do the French in their beatification of Napoleon. What we honoured is character: the character of the editor, Mr. C. P. Scott. We appraise the living.

In these days of propagandist delirium, passion, prejudice, and organised opinion, a newspaper edited on principle for a principle is not only a necessary corrective, it is an immense national force. Probably in no other country in the world would such a celebration as that accorded to Mr. C. P. Scott be possible or intelligible, for its very reason is the product of our national growth, of our long-ordered, democratic evolution working through the ineradicable sense of individualism. The *Manchester Guardian* under its editor has come to stand for something above politics, almost as a refuge in the Babel of voices and vociferations, and in our mortification men refer to it as they do to some cherished book. Not that age has impaired its vision. Quite the contrary. No organ is more alert, so intelligently edited, so brilliant or so authentic. Not only has Mr. Scott established a school, he is the school, the exemplar of good journalism, and to miss the *Guardian* in these times is like starting the day without shaving, so curiously modern is its daily repercussion. That is an extraordinary feat, and it is Mr. Scott's secret.

To-day, when among so many things the Press too is on trial, when editors are being more and more displaced by the business-manager, when the "news" is only too often omission, and the leading article tends more and more to be conveyed through the headline, a newspaper which seeks out and presents accurate facts, whose opinions are considered, whose attitude is consistent, whose policy is prin-

ciple, and whose purpose is moral, performs an inestimable service in the body politic. No man would pick up the *Guardian* in search of spice. It is the paper of information, of intelligent criticism, of constructive opinion, of essentially English thought. The Fleet Street crisis is far more real than the public are aware of. The cheap newspaper is at stake; the old impersonal editorship is vanishing, criticism is in abeyance, herd auto-suggestion rules. Yet the Press has never been so powerful. That is its danger, for its responsibility is now of national concern. What is to be its motive or principle? Parliament swings to its reactions; the whole country jerks under its projections, now here, now there; it is a huge engine of febrility and sur-excitation through which the public are mercurialised. We no longer know, as we used to know, our Press. The written word counts less and less. We are "featured" into opinions, and the law of gravity is change. As the result of the war, propaganda issues as the new democratic instrument of authority, and propaganda is a newspaper prerogative. The Fourth Estate has come into its own at last, with a vengeance. To form an accurate opinion to-day of Continental movements, it is indispensable to read at least two newspapers, of conflicting views, and this is in fact one of the chief difficulties confronting statesmen—in a day policy, principle, and understanding can be garrotted, and there is no continuity. And it is the same with the political electoral machine.

Here the *Manchester Guardian* stands like a granite tower in a bewildered, war-strained community. It is never flustered, it never flabbergasts; a true stay in the affairs of men, it is never the flibbertigibbet. In honouring this paper, we honour ourselves; we sign on. The celebration has thus a national importance, for, like the organ appraised, we testify to a moral or impersonal force which has always been the national genius. It is not of arms that we sing. In toasting the truly astonishing septuagenarian editor of the *Guardian*, we respond to the qualities that have made this English civilisation, this Empire—steadfastness of aim and purpose, good manners, good sense, good fellowship to all men; what is implied by our traditional English word, seamanship.

Laughter*

By Leonid Andreev

I.

At half-past seven I was certain that she would come, and I was desperately happy. My coat was fastened only by the top button. The wind blew it open, but I did not feel the cold. My head was thrown back proudly, and my college cap was perched on the back of it. My eyes looked on men with an air of patronage and audacity; on women they looked with challenge and kindness. Although already for four days I had loved her alone, I was so young and my heart was so rich that I could not remain indifferent to other women. My steps were quick, bold and free.

At quarter to seven, my coat was done up on two buttons; I looked only at the women, and without challenge or kindness, but rather with disgust. It was only one woman that I wanted; the rest might go to hell. Those others were in the way, and their seeming likeness to her made my movements uncertain and constantly changing.

At five minutes to seven I was hot.

At two minutes to seven I was cold.

At seven I knew she would not come.

At half-past eight I was the most wretched creature in the world. My coat buttons were all done up; the collar was turned up, and my cap was pulled over my nose, which was blue with cold. The hair on my temples, my moustache, and my eyelashes were all hoary with frost. My teeth were slightly rattling against each other. By my uncertain gait and my stooping shoulders I might have been taken for a fairly vigorous old man returning from his friends back to the workhouse.

And *she* was the cause of all this misery. She! Oh, the Dev——! No, I won't. Perhaps she could not get away. Perhaps she is ill or dead. Dead!—and I am cursing!

* Translated by Elena Vishnevskaya.

II.

". . . And Evgenia Nicolaevna will be there to-night," a student friend informed me, not trying to insinuate: he could not have known that in the frost I had waited for Evgenia Nicolaevna from seven till half-past eight.

"Indeed!" I replied profoundly, and something snapped within me. "Oh, the Dev——!"

"There" meant at the Polosovs' evening party. I had never been in their house before, but I would go there to-night.

"Gentlemen!" I cried out cheerfully, "to-day is Christmas Day; to-day everyone is making merry . . . Let's be merry, too."

"But how?" one of them called out mournfully.

"And where?" another supported him.

"Let's dress up, and go to all the parties," I settled.

And these insensate individuals actually became happy. They shouted, leaped, and sang. They were thanking me and counting their available money. And in half an hour's time, we were bringing together all the lonely melancholy students in town. When we had gathered together, ten leaping devils, we repaired to a hairdresser (also a provider of fancy dress), and his shop was soon filled with cold air, youth and laughter.

I needed something sombre, beautiful, with a suggestion of elegant sadness, and I asked for a dress of a Spanish nobleman. It must have been a long nobleman, for his dress concealed me completely, and I felt somehow very lonely as in a huge empty hall. I got out of it, and asked for something else.

"Would you like to be a clown—a motley with little bells?"

"A clown, indeed!" I exclaimed, with utter contempt.

"Well then, a bandit? Such a hat and dagger!"

"A dagger! It suits my intentions." Sad to say, the bandit, whose clothing they gave me, had hardly reached his maturity. Most probably he was a young rascal of about the age of eight! His funny hat would hardly cover my head, and from his velvet trousers I was dragged out as from a trap.

The next thing, a page, was no good. He was all spotted like a leopard.

The monk was all in holes.

"Well, hurry up, it's late!" My companions were all dressed and growing impatient. There was only one dress left, a distinguished Chinaman's.

"Let's have the Chinaman's," said I in despair. It was the devil knows what! I will not say anything about the dress itself. I pass over in silence the idiotic coloured boots, which were too short for me. They came only half way up my legs, and a part of the boot, by far the most essential, stuck out in a kind of appendix on either side of my leg. Nor will I say anything about a pink rag, which covered my head in the shape of a wig, and was tied on by bits of cotton to my ears, so that they protruded in consequence like the ears of a bat . . . But the mask!

It was, if one may say so, an abstract physiognomy.

It had a nose, eyes, mouth, all correct, and in their right places, but there was nothing human in it. A human being, even in its coffin, could not be so still. It expressed neither sadness, nor cheerfulness, nor astonishment. It expressed nothing. It gazed straight at you, and an uncontrollable laughter would take possession of you.

My companions laughed till they cried, and, exhausted, sank down on the chairs waving their hands.

"Yours will be the most original mask," they said.

I almost cried, but when I glanced at myself in the glass, I, too, laughed. Yes, it will be the most original mask!

"Promise not to take off our masks whatever happens."

"Let's swear. Swear! SWEAR!"

III.

It was indeed the most original mask. Huge crowds followed me. They turned me round, they pushed me, they pinched me. When thoroughly worn out, enraged, I flew at my pursuers, they laughed. All the way I was surrounded and oppressed by these peals of laughter. It moved on together with me, and I could not escape this ring of mad merriment. At times, this madness would get hold of me too, and I would shout, sing, and dance, till all the world whirled round before my eyes as if I were drunk.

But how remote this world was from me! How lonely I felt under that mask!

At last I was left alone. With anger and fear, with malice and tenderness, I looked at her and said:

"'Tis I."

Her long eyelashes rose slowly in astonishment, a sheaf of black rays flashed upon me . . . and a laugh, joyous, ringing, bright as a spring sunshine . . . a Laugh was her reply!

"'Tis I, 'tis I!" I insisted, smiling at her. "Why didn't you come this evening?" But she laughed. She laughed merrily.

I was so exhausted and so wretched. I begged her to answer me. But she laughed. The dark brilliance of her eyes was gone, but her smile grew brighter. Her smile was like a sun, but a sun, merciless, cruel . . .

"What's the matter?"

"Is it really you?" she asked, trying not to laugh. "How . . . how ridiculous you look!"

My shoulders sank, my head drooped; despair was in my pose. And while with the expiring afterglow of the smile on her face she looked at the young, happy couples hurrying by, I said:

"Be ashamed of yourself. Can you not feel the living suffering face behind the ridiculous mask? It's only to see you that I put it on . . . You gave me hope, and now you are taking it away so quickly, so cruelly. Why did you not come?"

She turned to me quickly with a protest on her smiling, tender lips, but the cruel laugh utterly overwhelmed her. Short of breath, almost weeping, covering her face with a scented lace handkerchief, she uttered with difficulty:

"Look . . . look at yourself! In the glass behind . . . How ridiculous!"

Frowning, my teeth clenched from pain, with a face grown cold, from which the blood had fled, I looked at the glass—an idiotically calm, stolidly complacent, inhumanly immovable face stared at me. And I—I burst out laughing. Still laughing, though my voice trembled with anger, mad with despair, I almost screamed:

"You must not laugh!"

And when she was quiet again, I went on telling her of my love. And never had I spoken better because I have never loved so well. I spoke of the anguish of expectation, of the venomous tears of mad jealousy, of the longing. . . I spoke of my soul which was all love. I saw how her drooping eyelashes cast a dark shadow on her cheeks. I saw through their dull pallor a reflection of the fire that began to glow within, and her whole pliant body involuntarily bent towards me. She was a goddess of night, all mysterious, clad in black lace as in mist through which bright stars twinkled. She was beautiful as a forgotten dream of far-off childhood. I spoke, and my eyes were dim with tears, and my heart beat with happiness . . .

I saw at last that a smile, kind and pitiful, parted her lips, and her eyelashes quivered and rose . . .

Slowly, with fear and infinite confidence, she turned her head towards me, and . . . Such a laugh I never heard before!

". . . No, no, I can't," she almost groaned, and, throwing her head backwards, she burst into resonant cascades of laughter.

Oh, if only for a moment I could have had a human face! I was biting my lips, tears ran down my cheeks, but the idiotic physiognomy, with its correct nose, eyes, lips, looked on with an indifference that was terrible in its stupidity.

And when, limping on my coloured legs, I was going away, for a long time yet I heard her ringing laugh. It was like a silvery stream that flows from an immense height and breaks with merry sound on a hard rock.

IV.

Scattered over the whole sleeping street, waking the silence of the night with our vigorous, excited voices, we walked home. A friend said to me:

"You have had an enormous success. I have never seen people laugh more . . . Hallo! . . . What are you doing? Why are you tearing your mask? Friends! he's mad, he's tearing his dress to pieces! He is crying!"

The Living Scene*

By Gordon Craig

"*C'est le décor vivant avec toute sa machinerie nouvelle.*"

In these words some new work of mine was described last month by a French writer, and I will take them as my cue.

Scene must be living—seemingly alive—breathing as in Nature the Earth seems to breathe, its flanks lying spread out like the sprawling limbs of the striped tiger, its immense eyes opening wider and ever wider and then closing with the close of day, its locks fluttering in the breezes.

When Scene becomes decoration it ceases to have quite the same value as it has when it lives and moves. The Earth on which we, the actors, play our parts is not exactly a decorative background. . . . Although at times it retires, although at times it is just decorative and no more—at times mere background—unnoticeable.

But not for long, remember. Before many moments or hours are passed, it will advance and come to life. Sometimes it pushes us all into the background, sometimes it overwhelms, and then in a moment is become the quiet and lovely thing we are apt to take it always to be.

And Scene should be like this. And those of us who concern ourselves at all with Scene should remember what it is we have to interpret. If we have ever really listened to the showers or basked in sunshine, we can but return to attempt to give life to our scene. The Poet peers at Man, and seeing, creates a living thing.

Are we who are to create Scene to give birth to a dead thing, just because we will not first look at the Earth?

Some say so. A fine idea indeed—a monstrous fine idea—to be asked to litter the stage with lumber, and then to suppose that this dead and dusty *décor* is to aid the Drama.

A dull and staid and decorative nothing, which shall keep its place, be in good form, just because it's dead.

It is about time to get that fixed idea out of the heads

* Paper read before the Art Workers' Guild, June 1920.

of everyone. It never entered the head of the Dramatist, who doesn't fear a living scene any more than does the Poet or the Musician.

It is the literary critic who fears everything living—even fears when a Poet or a Dramatist, though he be his dear friend, is showing signs of creating living men and women.

That is too awful to him. And, trembling at this fear, he becomes hysterical, hysterically calm at the further thought that the Earth shall be revealed through a scene with a pulse—not necessarily with a pulse beating three hundred and sixty-five beats to the minute and revealing incessantly a gush, a plethora of emotions which Nature seldom reveals, but beating rhythmically, demonstrating the existence of life.

No, the Critic forsooth will have none of this. And why, do you think? For what reason? For the simplest of all—that he has never thought it possible, although his suspicions may have once been horridly awakened. Well, then, he is exonerated from all blame, for the man who never dreamed a thing possible mustn't be blamed because he will have none of it.

So our good friend the Critic must remain still our good friend, and as he is able better than most men to quickly understand an idea, even from a hint, a sketch, a suggestion, he will possibly think for one moment of what we say now, what we are demonstrating in our scene, and will then speak better about it all than any of us.

After all, that is his business—not ours. But I don't think it is his business to so speak of our tentative experiments as though in one leap we ought to arrive at perfection. If he sees where we are going and what we intend, he must not send the party who are following our lead into a paroxysm of panic by saying we are leading them astray.

For we are not. We are moving towards a new theatre.

In this adventure—(and surely you all like a spice of risk about any trip—No?)—in this adventure, then, in this search for the *Scène vivante*, we must not utterly forget its new machinery . . . "*sa machinerie nouvelle.*"

A word about this. A good friend of ours, an artist and a director of one of the most important European theatres—Dr. Alexander Hevesi, of the Opera House,

Budapest—has told us that the machinist has been one of the two enemies of the theatre for a hundred years, the other enemy being the realist.

Your hale and hearty machinist, with his love—his veneration—for realism, is, after all, no real enemy. He has merely been given too many opportunities for indulging his natural appetites—that is all. It is most natural in him to desire to see and fondle all those wheels and cogs, turn-tables, bridges, and no amount of electric wires, bulbs, resistances and volts is too much for his taste.

We can surely understand this. Why, if we artists were mechanics, we would go to far greater lengths than he does.

But if we are not mechanics, we know that mechanism and machinery cannot be excluded from our work. It is one of our very best servants, and every opportunity should be given it to do itself justice and render the service it wants to render to the head of the house—the Dramatist—and to his overseer, the Stage Manager.

The very best machines should be used, and the best machines will, of course, cost money. They are worth the money. But only when the Artist into whose hands the machines are given finds them after his heart . . . when they are *alive*.

Now, unfortunately, some of the machines in use to-day in theatres are a nuisance to the artist—to the *stage-manager-dramatist*, let us call him.

They do nothing but go up and go down, these machines; except, of course, when they go round. But how to put to use this up-down and round-about white elephant is the question all artists ask themselves. They go on asking and asking for forty or fifty years—and then die; and a fresh batch of artists comes along, blithe and gay, and worry themselves with the same riddle, and in their turn pass away.

But this is not all. Every fifty years or so, new elephantine machines get installed in the richest theatres, so that the new generation of artists not only has to tackle the conundrum of their ancestors, but also to crack these new nuts.

I won't name the machines which we artists know to be such as I describe, because there is not much good gained

by worrying our good friend the mechanic of the theatre—and, besides, he has to help us to find other and better machines and install them, too, we hope. We can't possibly spare him—he must do this.

But what we have to do is to tell him and show him what we need—what sort of servant our needs demand. The place best fitted in which to show him this is a theatre where the stage is a plain and empty one free from the mechanical devices, and where the architect has not cramped us within walls too close for the limbs of the Drama to move and stretch themselves in.

Then, with our friend the mechanic, and with plenty of time and enough money, we can evolve a mechanism which shall assist in bringing to life Scene, which assists in bringing to life Drama.

* * * * * * *

And now let me tell you of one quality which I think our scene and our new mechanism might to advantage possess, and which it does not at present possess. (At present it baulks us, our scene and our machine. It conspires with the trade—it holds us up—the brigand!)

It is *mobility*.

And I think it is here that the artist steps in—I think it is here that he is really needed. When folk say that all artists are "impractical," I believe that what they mean is, that amongst other defects, they *will not* let themselves become fixed; they have a few fixed ideas, it is true, but one of these is to keep their minds—their imagination—mobile, fluid. This, to the admirably ordered senses of our friends, seems to be a defect, but is in fact a first-class quality; and it is this quality which is now so needed to release our scene—lighting and its mechanisms, from the deathly trance into which they have fallen.

* * * * * * *

You probably want to know what I consider is the best way of improving our stage decoration. I can tell you without a moment's hesitation. It is by employing our stage decorators—the fair, the pretty good, and the best—all of them. At present they are not employed as they should be—not *all* of them. It is by being more just, more exact in our estimate of these men. Let us not praise a turnip in the same terms we apply to a rose.

And you younger men—do not break away from *appearances*, and then put on a new *appearance*. Go deeper than that. And, removing a root-error, replace it by a truth.

It is time to make great changes—great reforms—if you don't object to the word.

It is time to stop re-arranging the dead flowers in the vase; throw them away. Go out into the open air, for it is the season to sow fresh seed, and watch it tirelessly until a new plant begins to show above ground.

Then, if the plant be hearty, any old ground will serve, and no amount of inclement weather can harm it.

Avoid new arrangements of the old Sceneries, then, and plump for new principles; new roots must be established, new life must be desired.

The first thing a scene should have is mobility. And I think that if each artist will feel and think for himself, we can have four or five examples of mobility in Scene within a year, within a month.

Only, the artists must think *for themselves*, and must reject the suggestions I have given them in my screens—which, by the way, have something of this very mobility which I suggest is essential to the very life of Scene.

Let the young artist consider the mechanical means at his disposal, rather than the appearance. Let him fuss less about being "decorative."

For example, suppose we never had had a sledge, and wished to bring one into existence because the snows were continually with us. If we kept fussing about the wheels of our conveyance, and the shafts and the door-knobs, just because our carriages always have wheels, shafts and door-knobs, we should merely evolve carriages with a new appearance—but no sledge.

If we could not forget wheels altogether, runners would never enter our heads or come into existence.

And it is something like this with our young men's sceneries. Forget all but the needs of the scene—the Drama,—hang the decoration of it, and to blazes with everything "charming" and "amusing." Get at the needs of the scene—get at its dramatic force. Don't think seriously, *be* serious.

* * * * * * *

I find the greatest difficulty in addressing you at all, for the reason that I no more want to talk. I want to be at work. There is so little to be said—except it be in verse or in fine prose; and to speak in these to effect, one must have been dead at least two hundred years.

As I say, I want to be at work; and to this end it is intended to raise in Italy a million lire to put some of my workshops on their feet again.

I can work—I can create—only when *quite free.*

Any suggestion of someone dictating to my particular muse puts the muse to flight.

The reason of so much bad work being turned out to-day is that there is a growing tendency to tell all artists what is wanted, and expect them to supply a demand; and if an artist can supply the demand of to-day, he must produce rubbish—for the demand is for rubbish.

In the late war, the cliques demanded that the English Army and Navy should do this and that and the other. The whole time the war lasted, these cliques kept up a hullabaloo *demanding* something which was not supplied.

Good. Now, it can be easily realised that had the Army and Navy supplied the demand of these wiseacres, England would have gone under. But what I (and you, too, no doubt) seem unable to make not only the cliques, but everyone else, understand, is that when the artist pays *any* attention to the cliques, Art goes under.

I leave cities because they are full of folks who annoy me to death by asking every day: "Oh, why don't you produce some *one* thing on the stage—it would be *so wonderful.*" My reply is: "It would not be wonderful at all, for the conditions for growing a wonderful thing on the stage are the conditions of Nature—and Nature never produces to order, nor a single wonder at a time, but always a succession of nothings leading to a series of attractive things, and finally perhaps a wonderful thing."

Folk might as soon dream of dictating to an ordinary dandelion as to when and how it was to grow, how long it was to take, and so forth, as to dictate to us how we are to set about our work.

Begin to order Nature about, and you come a cropper!

And Art is like Nature, in that it has its own way, *must* have its own way, and invents its own machinery, if ever it invents a living scene.

Our Persian Muddle

By Anglo-Indian

To the uninitiated, recent events in Persia may appear to savour of surprise and revolution and, as certain newspapers have hinted, may suggest that the Persian Cossacks, from lack of discipline, had taken matters into their own hands. The truth is that the recent *coup d'état* in Teheran is but a new attempt, at the expense of the British taxpayer, to disguise the efforts being made by the Military Mind in Persia to force the acceptance of the substance of the Anglo-Persian agreement upon the Persian people.

In November, it will be remembered, at British insistence, the Russian officers commanding the Persian Cossacks were dismissed by the Shah, and the control of the Cossack Division was taken over by Brig.-General W. E. R. Dickson, then head of the British Military Commission. British money liquidated the arrears of pay and other expenses of the force, and a few British officers were attached to supervise its actions.

The presence of British troops in North Persia then enabled the British Minister to assume practical control of the Persian Government, and in December and January strenuous attempts were made to assemble a so-called Persian Parliament, and to force upon it the ratification of the Anglo-Persian Agreement. Cabinet crisis after crisis followed, until, early in February, it was evident that fear of popular resentment would prevent any real assistance being rendered to the Agreement by the subsidised aristocrats whom the British political and military authorities had hitherto supported.

Early in February the Russian Soviet Government appeared likely to conclude a treaty with Persia of such gigantic advantage to the latter that the prospects of the Anglo-Persian Agreement seemed dead. The Russian treaty restored to Persia everything taken from her in the past, repudiated all concessions wrung from Persia and offered other terms which made the British Agreement appear to be what it really is—an instrument threatening the

absorption of Persia by Britain. At this moment economic pressure in England forced immediate termination of Britain's military adventures in the Near East. The announcement of the early withdrawal of British troops caused a panic in British diplomatic and military circles in Teheran, for, without the support of the British troops, the Imperialist designs for the control of Persia contained in the Anglo-Persian Agreement were likely to come to naught, and with them the ambitions of the would-be Military dictators who had in November seized the control of the Persian Cossack Division.

By generous supply of British money and judicious use of British troops, Persia's only remaining force, the Cossack Division, was kept in hand; but in the meantime every effort was made to force the frightened aristocrats and landowners of Persia to repudiate Moscow and to definitely accept the Anglo-Persian Agreement. The proposal (forced upon the British Government by overburdened taxpayers) to evacuate Mesopotamia brought things to a head. It was neck or nothing: if Britain wouldn't pay for Imperialist dreams, Persia must be made to, and there were many Persians who had grown rich upon British money—Persian princes, nobles and landlords, detested by the people.

The Cossacks had since November been more or less under guard of the British troops in Kasvin; the latter "looked the other way," the Cossacks arrived in Teheran, and, under British control, quietly arrested all Britain's expensive puppets, such as Farman Farma and his son, Firuz Mirza (so lately the fêted favourite in London). They then proceeded to declare themselves pro-British and anti-Bolshevik, and not altogether opposed to British interests!

If and when the British troops evacuate, the answer will come from Moscow. In the meantime, one good deed has been done, for Persia has got rid of a few of her aristocratic parasites; the simple Cossack soldiers will be cheaper to buy, though the appetite of Sayed Zia, the journalist, formerly a Russian agent, but lately one basking in the sunshine of the British Legation, may be hard to satisfy.

How long is Persia to be the plaything of outside influences? Had the recent *coup d'état* been a purely Persian affair, the world and Persia might welcome it as a sign of

hope; but it was just another act in the great British-Russian drama—one more liability for the British taxpayer. The interest on Britain's investment will be paid in war. What Persia wants is peace and trade—trade free and unhampered. Left alone, she could trade her cotton, silk, and wool to Russia for oil and petrol, and with these buy tea from India. Left alone, and free from fear of British and Bolshevik troops, she would soon settle with her Persian oppressors.

But Cossacks encouraged by British influence to property expropriation, have broken Bolshevik ground —the Persian Kerensky is at hand. Perhaps a Kuchik Khan or, more likely, an aggrandised Sayed Zia, may supply the Persian Lenin. British opportunism has lost British opportunity. Meanwhile, what a fashion for India to copy, and what encouragement to Britain's unemployed taxpayers! The officer who spent one hundred millions in East Persia should know how to economise in North Persia—otherwise the cost of his dictatorship in Teheran may provoke lively debates in Whitehall.

For how long will the British taxpayer permit his military mediocrities, flaunting the bogey of Bolshevism, to ramp about the periphery of Russia interfering with the recovery of small countries? How long must Persia continue to be the plaything of Britain's "disinterested" desire to "protect her against the horrors of Bolshevism" by the process of a complete British dictatorship? How can Persia maintain good relations with her 160,000,000 Russian neighbours when every act of her Government is dictated by stupid, decadent British militarism—the deadly foe of any sort of compromise with Moscow—or, for that matter, of recovery anywhere.

The recent revolution in Teheran is a pretended *volte face* of British Imperialism—nothing more—but it has broken the chains of precedent. Can anyone decently picture an Anglo-Indian general and a Downing Street diplomat acting as property expropriators? Yet such is the façade behind which militarism hopes to control Persia's destinies. How long will it be before British troops march back into Persia to protect British property interests from the "graduates" of the British Military School for Bolshevism in Teheran?

Imperial Democracy

By H. P. Gordon

MANY of us Australians, who for the time being are compelled, by business ties, to live in England, are speculating as to the probable effect upon Australian opinion, in matters of Imperial interest, the return to their homes of the Commonwealth soldiers is likely to have. These men, naturally, will have a great deal to say of their experiences and may be expected to be very candid in their criticisms—where criticism is called for. Their opinions of the Mother Country will be voiced in plain and emphatic terms, as is the Australian habit, and will, of course, exert considerable influence upon their fellow-countrymen.

In this connection I am not thinking of the hospitalities and amenities the oversea soldiers enjoyed here; but of the critical judgment they have formed of the Old Country as a democracy, and of the character and methods of her social and political systems. For not only will Australia be affected by the influence of these returned soldiers, but Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand will be likewise affected by similar sources of influence. National feeling in all these young communities is much more fluid than the average Briton imagines. It has not had time to crystallise through generations of traditions, precedents, and customs, and consequently responds more readily to the sensations and influences of the passing moment than public opinion does in any Old World State. If Imperialistic feeling in the Dominions degenerates to a lukewarm appreciation of the Mother Country's political interests and affairs, owing to her lagging behind the other parts of the Empire in essential democratic movements and reforms, it is easy to believe that her prestige will wane as the centre of authority of the Imperial Commonwealth, and her influence and power will be lost upon the vigorous and forceful young nations oversea.

* * * * * * *

Of the many Canadians, Australians, South Africans, and New Zealanders one met with daily in England immediately after the Armistice there was a remarkable unanimity of opinion amongst them when they were questioned about the Mother Country. Of course, they were all profoundly stirred by the greatness of Britain's work and triumphs of the war-period; but when it came to matters affecting the future government of the Empire they were not so enthusiastic. No matter what part of the Dominions they came from, there was practically no difference of opinion amongst them as to "the sorry scheme of things" that passes as "democracy" in this country. This phenomenon impressed them most of all, and is the predominant impression they will carry back to their homes.

Whilst they expected to find many wonderful differences and contrasts in the daily life of the people here from the life and conditions they were accustomed to in their own countries, they were not prepared for some of the revelations they experienced. Notably so was this the case among those of them who had taken any interest in British politics and political institutions. To say they were amazed at the principle of hereditary legislators and irresponsible rule co-existing with an electorate of twenty million voters is a feeble way of describing their perplexity as to the reason for a House of Lords. To them it seemed an instrument of irritation in the Empire's politics. Nor were they less astonished at the representation of the Church in that Chamber. These two matters provoked them most to unfavourable comment. Nor could they reconcile Britain's claim to be a democracy, in the modern sense, with the common practice of stuffing all public commissions, committees, and other bodies with persons who do not in the least represent the people, and whose main, and perhaps sole, qualification for such positions is their social standing. As to the habits and methods of the Old Country generally in the ordinary affairs of life, they all agreed that, so far as they had had opportunities of judging them, it would be a good thing for the Empire's future if Britain got a "move on."

In all this, these Dominion visitors did not wish to be censorious or hypercritical. They gave their opinions

frankly and dispassionately. Their views are no more than a confirmation of the opinions of the average Colonial who has spent any considerable time in England; and more especially of the Colonial who is able, from his own experience, to contrast British and American methods, particularly business methods.

Opinions such as these scattered broadcast through the Dominions among people who abhor class-distinctions, privilege, and patronage of every sort, and who despise "titles," are bound to create an unfavourable feeling in the overseas democracies. It must be always remembered that in all things these vigorous young Commonwealths are ardently democratic and progressive.

* * * * * * *

Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders are developing along lines more American than British in character and psychology. It is no more than natural that it should be so. The men and women of the Dominions are growing up amidst physical and social surroundings and the crude forms of a pioneer civilisation that America has passed through, and is still passing through in some parts of her vast territory. American examples are becoming Colonial models more and more each year in the solution of many practical problems. The average Colonial's estimation and viewpoint of American methods and ideas is entirely different from British standards of appreciation of American methods and ideas. Americans and Colonials stand closer together in their points of view than do Britons and Colonials. The American and the Colonial understand each other better and more thoroughly than they understand an Englishman of the public school type or than he understands them. There is more in common between them. The Colonial's attitude towards Britain's undemocratic social and political systems and upper class exclusiveness and snobbery is identically the same as the average American's attitude. As the Colonial's habit of mind becomes more and more American in its character, so will it become more and more un-British. Colonials and Americans closely agree in their dislike of titles. They equally condemn the spirit of procrastination and the appalling slowness and antiquated methods and

processes of business life which prevail here. And they deride the grotesque survivals of the mediæval spirit of vain-glorious pomp in public and semi-public celebrations and functions that are so constantly in evidence in England, and which to them seem stupid legacies of a feudal age, when "the people" were taught to respect their "betters."

The development of Dominion ideals and national sentiment on American lines is being forced by the Old Country's persistence in clinging to a superannuated social order.

* * * * * * *

The fundamental variance in the points of view of the Dominion democracies and the class-ridden simulacrum of a democracy of Britain may be illustrated by a simple test. To the superior person it may seem a trivial matter; but it is not so trifling as it may seem. It relates to titles and the manner of their bestowal. The average Colonial is puzzled, just as an American is, or as a democratic Briton is, at the inordinate ambition of politicians and others in this country who call themselves "democrats," to acquire a "handle" to their names. It appears to be the sublimation of middle-class aspiration. But in the Dominions these honours are regarded as an undemocratic survival of a privileged social order. But the point I wish to make is this: the test I have cited shows how much akin in thought and spirit the real democracy of the Old Country is to the democracies of the Dominions; that is to say, to the Dominions themselves as self-governed entities, for there the whole nation is democratic, whereas in Britain the spurious element in the British democracy governs it. This raises the question as to whether the Mother Country is heading the right way to bring into harmonious co-operation the democracies of the Empire.

Canada and Australia have decided against the conferring of titles on Canadians or Australians; the National Party in South Africa is opposed to the creation of any more baronets or knights. This will put the extinguisher on these orders in those countries. Conceivably, it may reach even to the office of Governor-General.

Meanwhile the Old Country remains an infatuated worshipper of these relics of a feudal past, and pursues her way in a diametrically opposite direction, whilst the gulf that

separates the Dominions' brand of democracy from the Mother Country's make-believe goes on widening.

* * * * * * *

It may be said that these questions raise issues primarily of intra-British concern. But they affect the Empire when they reach a point where the British conception clashes with the Dominions' on some vital Imperial issue. If British thought is trained one way and Dominion thought another, the line of cleavage in matters of Imperial negotiation will prove a hard matter to adjust, and may become insuperable. If British democracy is only a gilded substitute for the real democracy of the Dominions, British opinion and Dominion opinion will crystallise in forms so unlike each other that compromise in negotiation on Imperial questions will be as difficult to secure as agreement between an association of employers and a union of strikers.

Nothing short of that new world spirit of democracy and enlightened progress Mr. Lloyd George held up to the British nation will suffice. Unless that spirit is commonly diffused among all classes of the twenty odd million electors of this country and absorbed into the nation's politics, Imperial unity will become a mere catchword and a pious sentiment. But so long as the Mother Country limps and stumbles along the path of true democracy and is afraid to break away from the traditional and respectably orthodox, but superannuated, social and political order of things, the menace to the Empire's future will grow and harden. The Democracies understand each other. But they are not likely to be brought into line by the over-riding of the people's aspirations by hereditary legislators and a Bench of Bishops.

Héloïse and Abélard

By S. O.

It is a strange reflection that the author of a work so delicate, so entirely beautiful as the love-story of Héloïse and Abélard should be the most prosecuted writer in English of his time, who, at last, weary of the jibes and injunctions issued against him, has sought peace in a publicity limited to subscribers. Like Abélard himself, mutilated for his professions of Reason. We have not changed so very much since the days when a man outside the Church could not attain to power, for the Church in those times was the authority or sanction, and to question it was the mortal sin, heresy. And so Mr. George Moore has done with strife. Only for those who want to hear, does he now write. He, too, has accepted an Abbotcy, the retreat of intellect. There he is at rest, and from this height or loneliness, on the knees of rationalism, he has written the narrative of this historic love. It is a pity the world at large cannot read this entrancing story, for assuredly it will belong to English literature. In France George Moore is at home. He knows her genius, he understands her continuity, he, as an Irishman, reflects the spirit and *jouissance* of the French, and there is no trace of sentimentality in the two volumes. Yet had Anatole France (who perhaps alone could have written such a book) re-created the old love-story, it certainly would not have assumed this form and atmosphere. It might have been more sparkling, wittier, less spacious, more Gasconard. Mr. George Moore is the landscape painter. His method has not been the writing of history, precision of details, and so Héloïse gets into "nightgowns," and fastidious penmen have splashed ink about over his introduction of the Troubadours, his insistence upon "beds," and his reference to the Gothic arch—all which, of course, is the justification of minor criticism; his aim has been to re-create the human story of a love

handed down through the generations; to portray its evergreen symbolism. No other man could have handled this struggle between the flesh and the spirit with such intimate yet tender understanding, like a philosopher who is above all the artist. His story stills all reproaches. It is fair. It is without pedantry. It can offend no man. As a sustained prose effort, it is astonishing, perhaps too long, possibly even too musically balanced, for at times one hankers after something more turbulent, more cut and thrust, a little less mellifluosity. But what a spate of cadenced language! How buoyant the pictures of French *paysage*! How near the soil he gets, and yet what backgrounds, what a pastoral of "dripping" forests, of howling wolves, of bleating sheep, of blue lights and autumn sunsets! These paintings light up the book, and give us the scenery of France as no Frenchman could do, for Frenchmen have nothing of the mystic, and Mr. George Moore, with all his worldly cynicism, his rationalism, his "heresy," is at heart the brooding Celt. To him, these word disquisitions on hills and animals are consonant; they are of his culture and temperament. He is very near to nature as artist, and for this reason he is a creator. He loves the "companies of rooks flopping home"; the trill of birds; the pulse and harmonies of the living things, and in the blue gloom of evening he finds a poet's inspiration. The whole conception is poetry, and the happiest pages are those describing the flight of the lovers from Paris with the serving-woman, Madelou, an exquisite French portrait redolent of the earth and of the spit, true instinctively to type. Mr. George Moore is quite French in his appreciation of the cuisine; he knows the excellence of shad (*alose*); he is learned in animal life, and is never repelled by the cruelties of nature. He accepts the eternal truth. Children might read this work for "nature study." The wanderings of Héloïse and Abélard are an idyll in themselves, a "feature" in a study which has no feature whether doctrinal or controversial. We are introduced to old France, as it might be in a novel. Throughout the interest is rapt; the story flows. Now we are with poor Héloïse, living as an oblate in a convent, now we are with Abélard in his search after the Truth, and we follow their course of true love with unabated zest and pious enthusiasm to the very hour when Héloïse is installed

as Abbess of the Paraclete, and Abélard, bereft of his manhood, finds earthly solace in Reason as against Faith, which was the "antique shepherd."

The child goes to the war—against the Saladin, whither Sister Angela repaired, thinking that the beauty of her silken hair would induce the dread Saladin to restore the Sepulchre. Strange times! Even the children were "enlisted" by the priests, and few returned. Alas! for history. It was Saladin who displayed chivalry, the Christians slaughtered indiscriminately, but Mr. George Moore only touches upon such matters; it is of love that he writes, its humanity, its deathlessness, and even the law of Deuteronomy, which severed Abélard from priestly fame, cannot deflect him from the serenity of his contemplation. And so he brings the lovers to their haven, and there leaves them, for the rest is on record. It is a beautiful, a happy book.

Truly, Mr. George Moore is the modern Sterne, in his age grown calm and bountiful. He has apparently done with realism, yet the deeper he delves among the ancients the wider is his continent, and the surer his power. There is no trace of years in this work, which obviously is the labour of love, and there is indeed something soothing and beatific in the spectacle of Mr. George Moore, our "wicked" Parisian Englishman of the Victorian epoch, now poet and philosopher, and not only philosopher but lay preacher, a moralist, the modern Trouvère of the ancient Church, chanting in *The Brook Kerith* of Jesus, and now of Héloïse and Abélard and of the priests, almost like a friar of those times come to life to bear witness. His mastery of form is unrivalled. He has the complete manner of his theme, and his well of inspiration would seem inexhaustible. These new books of his are really historical pen-pictures, so that we must now class the author as a literary-historian, the hyphenated adjective being a German reservation used to differentiate the atmospheric creator from the sheer professor of parchment facts, which more and more the modern criticism is coming to see are not the whole truth, or indeed anything like it. And it may be that Mr. George Moore is thus setting the style of the "new" history, as in the future it will be written. For as we progress, we shall believe less, but we shall want more, and on such lines much great work remains to be done

resuscitating the past, which at least we can judge by this very evocation, surely as memorable, as romantic, and worthy of record as are the paramours of kings and their assassinations.

There is nothing to criticise, indeed all criticism is "out of bounds," of Mr. George Moore, henceforth Abbot. One would like to have his life of Helen of Troy, of Queen Elizabeth, of Solomon, or of Ali Baba, which latter should be à masterpiece. Perhaps the highest praise one can pay to the author is this. No German, not Heine or Schiller, no Russian, no Frenchman could have reborn this tale with such ample distinction and yet with so generous a humanity. It is an English event—Irish, of course, as you please. Mr. George Moore with words is not unlike Kreisler with his fiddle. He is our national lutist, and we can only advise those who would enjoy his prose cantatas—Daphne and Chloë is said to be on the wing—to order their copies in advance, or not only will they not get one but they will miss a profound exhilaration.

The Premier's Call to Peace

By Austin Harrison

To the astonishment of Parisian politicians, but to the outspoken relief of the English business world, the Germans bowed to the ultimatum, thereby showing some diplomatic prescience. I use the word diplomatic deliberately, for only to those who do not think and do not care to think either for themselves or their sons, can the settlement be regarded as more than a deferment—of the big difficulties which remain (1) transfer of value (2) capacity. All the same, there is real reason to give thanks. An adjustment has been reached, and its effects promise well for our producers, to whom the purchasing power of Europe is a vital necessity. Little need be said about the new Reparation scheme, which divides the payments into three schedules of Bonds, A, B, and C, making a total of £6,900,000,000. A and B will no doubt be honoured *via* America, who will thus underwrite the German debt; it is schedule C which makes economists smile, this being a deferred market issue contingent upon German capacity to pay interest, in other words, upon the world's estimate of German credit value at the time. It is thus a political book entry. Here again we need not take an historical view. The evil thereof is postponed, that is all, and probably long before schedule C is released, saner counsels will have prevailed, and the economic fallacy of fantastic Reparations will have become manifest to the business community of the world, without whose participation all talk of Reparations is politics.

What has happened is this. America has been brought back to European co-operation, in itself an immense gain; secondly, Germany has been saddled with a foreign debt, which alone of the belligerents she had necessarily escaped, the significance of which is that she also is now burdened with debt, thus preventing her from starting out to capture trade on the basis, say, of inner repudiation; she is now as crippled as all are. There is one other curious point which

should be noted. The German 26 per cent. duty is based on exports, and this again is no doubt more in the guise of a deterrent than of a money producer, and for this reason: as German credit appreciates, and it must, or the participating nations, first and foremost America, will not take the Bonds offered by the Allies, German exports will decline because less and less will Germany be able to undersell. Thus with strengthening credit, exports will be less—*ergo*, there will be less money from the 26 per cent.; which seems and is perplexing. Yet it is so, and probably all that we have really gained by the export duty will prove to be a protective bar which, as it improves German credit, automatically restricts her selling power in this country. Even so "Reparations" is progressing; we have come down to a potential, thereby bringing in America; the rest will depend upon the world's *willingness to take German Bonds*, so delicate is our economic mechanism, and, unfortunately for politicians, so international. But the world will eventually take the matter in hand, and we can register a distinct advance in having "sold the pup," politically, to those who economically will have to take the risk of paying us on German security.

The truth about the whole business is that thinking people here gasped with relief at the German acceptance, for had the French Ruhr policy materialised in the middle of our great "slump" with a coal strike crippling the country and no buyers of our products, we should have started out to Moscow, as Napoleon did, when, ignoring his real enemy, the Duke, he chased the ikons of the East across the snow wastes of Russia. Not that we have as yet escaped the threatening peril. France is not appeased; her Government only lives through fear of the alternative; the policy of smashing up Germany and seizing her real wealth, coal and iron, is still the passion of the day and the aim of her capitalist imperialism. And so it turned out. Hardly was the Ruhr invasion called off, when the Upper Silesian invasion was called on, in the shape of an insurrectionary Polish *coup d'état* on D'Annunzio lines, in patent collusion with French policy, as the correspondents on the spot of the *Times* and other newspapers revealed. There is little to wonder at over this fresh difficulty which was written in the

Treaty. Knowing Europe as I have done since 1896, knowing the charming but politically irresponsible Polish nature, I have insisted since the Treaty was first made public that Greater Poland meant the establishment in Europe of an Ireland, only infinitely more inflammable, far more international in interest, the inevitable focus of another war and of another Polish partition. Squeezed in between Russia and Germany, economically bound to trade with both these countries, Poland, one of the most illiterate nations in Europe, seems destined to be the new Alsace-Lorraine of Europe, for to France she is the Eastern military outpost of the triangle, while to Russia and Germany she stands as the Hydra of war in physical-force occupation of German and Russian territory, which neither nation will ever forgive or forget. Historically, Poland's only chance is co-operation, but the Poles have not learnt from their sad history. Since the world-peace, they have attacked Russia; they have seized Vilna; now they have seized Upper Silesia in defiance of the plebiscite and of the very Allies who liberated the Poles from Russian, German, and Austrian rule.

This Tappertit-ian gesture would be ludicrous were it not for France, who admittedly supports the Polish claim. We are thus in a new predicament, or rather we are faced with one of the immediate results of a Treaty of spoliation, which deliberately set up one half of Europe to hold down the other. No man need be surprised. What is surprising is the predicament, which is a failure of policy. By the Treaty, we proclaimed France as the military dictator of Europe. We and France divided up the spoils, inflicted prodigious penalties, remapped Europe, impoverished some while enriching others. And then we forgot the one essential condition of force, which is force, and so ingenuously we withdrew our soldiers. The Silesian occupation is the result—we have no soldiers. The Poles attack the disarmed Germans, and say it is a *fait accompli.* It is. What are we going to do? Send out an army, or cave in to Polish Sinn Fein? Such is the problem. It is only one of at least a dozen similar force solutions which are bound to arise sooner or later, as the result of the Treaty, and, if we are wise, we shall now consider our bearings before we

allow ourselves to drift on the rocks of general European repudiation of a Treaty which we are apparently "too proud" to fight for. Three-quarters of Europe are mutilated by the Treaty, and nations do not suffer mutilations lightly. But we are the control. We decreed these things. We alone can enable France to uphold them. That is Britain's problem in this decade, and the Upper Silesian force determination is only the beginning of the multifarious wars, risings, rebellions, and breakdowns that we must expect—unless we maintain 200,000 armed men permanently on the Continent.

The event of the month was undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd-George's speech in Parliament addressed to the singular ingratitude of the Poles. It was an European declaration. One hesitates to prophesy in politics nowadays, but if Mr. Lloyd-George meant what he said, and is minded to hold to the line indicated, then Britain can claim once more to have a policy, and, if so, then the long-awaited gesture of deliverance from thraldom to militarism and economic stagnation has been made, and once more Britain will lead in the councils of Europe with a statesmanlike, cultured, and creative policy. In manner, no doubt, it was personal, but these are personal times. The matter of it was sound, essential, reverberative. He laid down the principle of common adhesion to a common policy. Either the Supreme Council is to decide upon its own obligations and responsibilities, or chaos is king. That is the supreme fact at issue. It would be impossible for the Allies to permit Korfanty, or any other usurper, to proclaim their own boundaries and set at naught the decisions of the powers who bled to death for victory; and unless this principle is accepted by France and Britain, and Europe, at any rate for the nonce, realises that the Entente is an entente, civilisation is doomed, and one by one the nations will be at war to fight out their own liberations and redress the balance. It is time that France realised this. We cannot afford to be the mere paymaster of Franco-Polish hegemony. As an Empire we dare not decree injustices. Our business is trade, and if Europe goes down we, too, will succumb in the general crash. In standing upon this root ground, the Premier has re-established his position.

He has become the statesman. He has spoken, like a Briton, with and for the Empire and America.

It is unfortunate that certain Parisian newspapers keep up a machine-gun fire upon our Government's—Heaven knows!—spasmodic attempts to get a peace equation; but on Upper Silesia really this ra-ta-plan Press does itself an injustice. France must make up her mind what she wants: money or revenge. If money, that is German credit bonds to sell to other nations so as to effect some attractive book-entries for public appreciation, then Germany must be given coal without which she cannot manufacture and consequently cannot "pay," and here the coal of Upper Silesia is indispensable. But if France wants revenge, or the dismembership of Germany, then she ought not to have signed the Treaty, which does not decree such dismembership, and consequently ceases to be integral. Besides, that Treaty is international: it is the common responsibility of the victorious Powers. A destructive policy of revenge implies European decline and pauperisation, which strikes us in the face, for our very life depends upon the well-being and markets of Europe. The denomination is common to all. A policy which fastens on Germany deliberately unrealisable obligations for the purpose of setting in force the "sanctions," which, by the way, were not in the Treaty, cannot be supported by Britain, unless we are minded to abandon our place in history and ourselves to go down with bleeding Europe. After all, this is the *cri de cœur* of gesture rather than of reason, and so I don't think this crisis will jeopardise our good relations, because it is in itself foolish, besides being wicked. It is a "wee bogle" of a hole, which a good straight shot will negotiate, and the Premier's declaration should clear the air, especially as America has returned with a watching brief, and on this question of principle stands at our side together with Italy, for elementary justice.

What Mr. Maynard Keynes predicted in his remarkable book is coming only too true. All over Europe the nations are standing to arms, thinking boundaries, while trade languishes, production stagnates, and credit lapses into the relativities. America is still keeping alive nearly 2,000,000

children who otherwise would die, as the result of the Treaty. Austria is Vienna, a stomach crammed with foreign missions, chiefly French, occupied in propaganda; meanwhile 6,000,000 Austrians, without credit, without coal, without the means of livelihood, beg for help. Dozens of English people back from these oases of political anarchy testify to the appalling misery, the sheer chaos of Europe east of the Rhine, from Greece to Lithuania, from Greater Roumania to Dantzig, where also the Poles have infringed the Treaty delimitations, from starving Austria to the tangle of Czecko-Slovakia, now the new "Austrian" mosaic of subject Peoples, and no one is working, for all are thinking in terms of Napoleonism as the satellites or fighting outposts of France. This is the keynote of the confusion. Europe has been re-mapped into fighting zones as the Lansquenets of France. These creations are not economic units, their boundaries are artificial. They are all engaged in tariff wars, they are all preparing to fight it out among themselves, and everywhere the French mission dictates. Thus Austrians are told that union with Germany means "no help," while at the same time the Poles are allowed to take the Silesian mines, thus depriving Austria of all coal. The thing is a nightmare, a vast future cockpit of war. Even the *plébiscites* are conducted with shameless bias, so much so that British officers in Poland have resigned rather than give way to Polish bandits who flog German women and openly flout the feeble Allied police forces, tacitly encouraged by the French. Our Press has not reported these things, but they are widely known. As a friend of mine, just back, described it, Vienna is divided into a starving populace and a foreign control, who occupy all the hotels, do nothing, and live on the fat of the land on an exchange which makes even their batmen wealthy men, and the whole atmosphere is charged with intrigue, exchange speculation, and political *chinoiserie*, as if in preparation for the coming shambles.

Soon—all too soon, if may be—Russia will return to a credit basis, probably to a "White" Republic. Her exile generals will creep back, her Tsarists, loyalists, nationalists, and refugee capitalists, and the first thing they will look at is the map. They will see Poland in occupation of vast

regions of Russian soil, Roumania with Bessarabia; they will find themselves bottled up by sea, east and west, north and south; immediately, automatically the Russian problem will revive, and it will dominate Europe. What then? Shall we fight for the Polish and Roumanian annexations? If so, then we had better get ready now and prepare to pay for the upkeep of the expeditionary armies necessary. Those who shriek economy here and at the same time stand for the "Treaty integral" are talking conscious nonsense; the Treaty demarcation can only be upheld by force, and the moment White Russia is re-established the Entente will be directly faced with the problem of revision or war. No wonder the Premier said: "I am frightened." The public here know nothing about these things—they have not been told. But every month the issue grows nearer. How can Europe get back to peace, to the habit of peace, and what is the alternative unless we and America are prepared to fight for war always and all the time for a century?

We are not—we cannot afford the luxury; that is the answer which it is high time our responsible politicians proclaimed. The truth is—and it is tremendously significant—that reasonable men cannot discuss any question bearing upon Europe and the war without coming to a *reductio ad absurdum*, and that whether it be reparations, Labour, economics, or the "fruits." What does this mean? It means that we are at the end of an epoch. The war has shattered our traditions and usages, our beliefs and economics, and there is no confidence. Our coal is unproductive. We do not yet know whether we shall return to a gold standard. All Europe is faced with a £50,000,000,000 debt, to which must now be added the foreign debt imposed upon Germany. Instead of peace, Europe has now a chronic condition of war to look forward to, and instead of Reparations we have sanctions; boundaries, markets, credit, nationality—all these are in suspension. Mutilated nations face one another in deepening despair, while swollen nations prepare an inner Entente of military ascendancy. One part of Europe is forbidden to keep soldiers, while the other half spends, or borrows, fabulous sums to waste on armaments. We cannot pay the wages asked for here, we throw tens of millions in the sands

of Mesopotamia, though our floating debt is increasing and we are not yet paying interest on our foreign debt. The rich cry out about taxes while encouraging political placemen to squander money upon war in Ireland, and wild Eastern adventures. France is financing half Europe—on paper credit—while her own Budget is fantastic. Business is Bedlam. Even on Government credit nations cannot buy. And Russia, the Colossus, remains out of the picture, grimly awaiting the "day." On the banks of the Thames soldiers in camp paddle in the murky waters, in expectation of the "revolution." Meanwhile, Lenin is returning to the credit system, to the sardonic gratification of those who bought roubles.

What we need is a fighting discriminating Parliament, failing which we need a man. Will the Premier prove to be that man? He is now clearly aghast at the results of the "cruel" Treaty, to use his own adjective. Something has happened. It needs little wisdom to spot the cause of his return to statesmanship, and clearly the contributory influence is America, who herself wants to trade and cannot, with 70 per cent. of the world's gold in her possession, see Europe repudiating the traditional standard. If he will keep on that line unflinchingly, he will lead us through the present confusion, and even bring back peace to Europe. For Britain's requirements demand a policy, and the only policy that can help is an economic one. And that is obtainable. As a fact, Europe is reconstructible for the nonce; something like an ordered system of life can be rigged up—till Russia returns to the constellation of Powers. America cannot go on feeding Austria. We cannot allow Poles or any other nation out for a scramble to roll the Treaty in the dust. We either stand by the Treaty or revise it; but this we cannot do for obvious reasons, the chief of which is our responsibility towards France, who assuredly will acquire reason as we assert it. Mr. Lloyd George can now lead, firmly and fairly. The French must study our difficulties and pay heed to them. The Entente must balance, be in effect useful to both sides; above all, it must be a moral force, or it will defeat its essential purpose, which is not war but

peace, is not domination but deliverance, is not militarism but the demilitarisation of old feudal Europe. It is that, or it will be merely an alliance of power susceptible to the withering influences of all such alliances. The French, with their native logic, will grasp the position readily enough once we show the way, the moment we stand upon accepted principle and England's spokesman heads for the haven of peace. Despite appearances, the situation is clearer now than it has been since President Wilson sailed home to his fall. We need not shrink from crises which are likely to be chronic and vociferous. Ventilation is wholesome. What is dangerous is suppression, and the more we understand the sheer absurdity of Europe as it is, the sooner we shall realise the necessity of adjustments and modifications of what was done in temper and exasperation more even than as compromise.

To shirk stating these truths is moral cowardice. To allow a section of Parisian opinion to reckon upon our good-natured willingness to back the new Napoleonism would be most mischievous. It would be a dreadful mistake for France to imagine that henceforth Britain's policy was subordinate to Paris, or that, in the event of Mr. Lloyd George proving too determinate, some jolly old Tory could be jockeyed into office to follow in sequacious deference the imperialism of the hour. True, politics have been displaced by flannels this summer, and there is little articulate sign of a conscious opinion or of ordered leadership. But that is our way. We were slow to come into the war, we are slow about the peace. Yet we want peace and mean to get it, and now that the Premier apparently wants it, we are likely to jog forward, for the simple reason that we either build or we perish. That being so, the Premier's new summons is the greatest political blast since the end of the war. It means that England is recovering balance and health. It is a world call—to peace.

Sheer pressure is enforcing sanity, and at the Pilgrims' dinner, where Mr. George Harvey made his bow to the public, sterling words were spoken. From these pages I welcome America's new Ambassador, first and foremost

as journalist and editor. We of the Press know him, and I predict for him signal success in his missionary task. He spoke well, striking a new note. Policy would not be "mincing or wincing." A fresh atmosphere has been created, now it is for us to follow up the vital quest for peace, in fearless pursuit of the right. We need not be downhearted at the Ambassador's pronunciamiento anent the League of Nations, for as it exists the League is a farce at which America rightly shies. Wilsonism may be dead, but the soul of Wilson "goes marching on" all right, and Mr. George Harvey has done poor Europe a brave turn in emphasising the "sentient, perilous present" as quite sufficient evil for the day and more than enough for any man cognisant of the incredible wilderness of hate and chaos to which Europe has been reduced. I think it is now clear that the Anglo-Saxons will stand shoulder to shoulder for the creative peace which alone can restore prosperity, which alone can save Europe from cataclysm, which all men of truth and faith should now fight for. It will be a fight, perhaps a long fight. The Premier admits to his ignorance of the stupendous race feuds which for centuries have soaked Europe in blood, and in the admission we sense a discerning and resolute competence. That is really why Wilson failed. He did not know. He did not understand the old world and its legacies of hate. His congress of peace became a scuttle-hold of hate, and his mouse has emerged ridiculous. Not even "furtively," Mr. George Harvey said, will new America be interested in the canonical apothecary set up at Geneva. Now we know. New methods are necessary, principles have to be re-established. Our first duty is peace; our fierce task is the present.

Europe's peace problem is this. Can we win to an equation definitely ruling out the historical war "constant" embodied in the Vosges and the Rhine? If not, then European peace will only be temporary, conditional, fallacious. Now, unfortunately, this is the French view. It is security that France demands, but there is no absolute security in life, least of all from force. If the Entente is merely going to be a military alliance for the purpose of dividing up and holding down France's historical enemy,

then all peace will only be latent preparation for war and our policy will have to be subordinated to the military design involved. I say once more, this cannot be: it is even false as militarism. And this is and will be our specific problem. If the Germans are to be deflected from militarism as the historical idea, we, the victors, the arbiters, the sea-power of the world, must convince by example, by inspiration, by moral force, or there will be no conversion, no regrets, and no results, as indeed we are witnessing. We shall not turn the Germans into lambs by posing as tigers. Split them up, coalescence will only be the more fanatical. Humiliate them, revenge will only be the sweeter dream. Degrade and impoverish them, liberation will be the new "blood and iron." France's real security lies not in forts or a river, in arms or chemicals, but in a wise, right, and creative peace which the world, in the interests of the world, will fight for. Mankind will not fight always for a—fear. The genius of humanity is courage, there can be no security in its negation; and as this war was European in the fullest sense, so must its peace be, or there will simply result a transvaluation of power or another tyranny, laying the seeds of a second world-war of re-liberation. The Germans now have the opportunity of evolution on democratic lines as a republic, which was the precondition of any national deviation from the mailed-fist, princely view of Hohenzollern Germany. It was for this that the world fought—to remove an anachronism. But that anachronism will not be removed if in turn France returns to feudal imperialism, if France is to be made the military Tetrarchy of Europe, if what was wrong for Germans is to be acclaimed as right for the French. The world's need is of confidence, not fear; of brave reconciliation, not despoliation; of moral security, not force; and only when France, trusting in her own spirit and in the rough justice of mankind, returns to the modern view, to the economics of the age, to the impulse of progress, and welcomes the freeing instinct, will there be any prospect of creating the new Europe of reason and contentment for which in their millions the splendid youth of Europe died.

The United States of Europe is to-day as far off as ever—on paper, but the spirit of this unison is alive, and most

curiously so in economics, intricately in finance. Independence exists no more, and with the loss of the old independence we can also register the departure of absolutism, whether dynastic or sociocratic. In this we mark progress. As Europe emerges from the great war, she stands either to fight it out again or think it out. The man is a dreamer who imagines that Europe as to-day fashioned represents a solution of ideas or boundaries. A militarist Poland is an anachronism; there is no construction in the larger Balkanisation. We have as yet settled nothing and already our life question resolves itself into the crude economics of whether we can afford to fight for any of the force dislocations of our own map. America now has come back to help us in the unperformed years. Let us go forward with her, mindful of our tremendous responsibility, which in our own interest is cosmic. Our mission is not absorption or domination, it is distribution, co-operation, the participation in man's needs and energies and productivities.

P&O and BRITISH INDIA

SEA TRIPS BY OCEAN STEAMERS

Every Week from LONDON to GIBRALTAR & MARSEILLES

Fares—	First Class.	Second Class.
GIBRALTAR -	Single £17, Return £30 ;	Single £12, Return £21
MARSEILLES -	Single £22, Return £39 ;	Single £14, Return £25

Few Spring or Summer Sea Trips of short duration possess the charm offered by the voyage to Gibraltar or Marseilles in a P. & O. or British India liner. The ships usually stay at Gibraltar for the better part of one day and reach Marseilles a week after departure from London. The homeward steamer usually leaves Marseilles on Sunday.

FREQUENT AND REGULAR Freight and Passenger SERVICES are maintained between Continent, London, Mediterranean Ports and EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA, STRAITS, SIAM, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA.

For all information apply:—

Passenger Services: P. & O. House, 14-16, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1.

Freight or General: P. & O. or B.I. Offices: 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3.

B.I. Agents: GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., E.C. 3, LONDON.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

DOSTOEVSKY AND HIS CREATION. By JANKO LAVRIN. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. LAVRIN has attempted to analyse the dominating impulse in the work of Dostoevsky by means of what is known as "psycho-criticism." Had his experience on the technical side of authorship been equal to that which he has had among psychical and psychological types of men and women, his attempt would have been thoroughly successful as well as thoroughly competent. He is too prone to the use of words which sound well but mean very little: that Dostoevsky should be classified as an "actualist" and "realist" is to make a distinction without a difference. To classify his types as "cosmic nihilists," "mutineers," and "God-strugglers" is more legitimate as long as we are not asked to believe that he made the classification deliberately while he wrote. No artist of power makes any such detached and impersonal divisions among his characters; he writes about things so supremely vital to himself that thought has no part in his artistic selection. The struggles of Raskolnikov,

Stavrogin, and the rest of those tremendous figures occupy the pages of his novels only because they were the struggles proceeding without end, without hope of end, in Dostoevsky's own tortured mind. For this reason, unless the artist-reader be also a psycho-analyst or humanist, there can be only a very limited appeal in Mr. Lavrin's claim that the great Russian was chiefly concerned with the question that morality has an absolute basis—unless it is put forward in a rather different way. T. M.

FICTION.

SHADOW AND SUNLIGHT. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THERE have been very many stories with South Sea Island backgrounds which have told us something of their enchantment and made pictures for us alluring as the highly coloured postcard. In some a hint of terror and malice has been allowed to creep in, but, on the whole, the impression has soaked into us stay-at-homes of sunny amiability; a sort of earthly paradise with quaint ethnological types, ready in all things to own their elemental inferiority to the dominating white man and prone to accept his gods as well as his goods. In no book that I can call to mind have the allure and the repulsion of the tropics been conveyed with such effortless completeness, and certainly no other story quite suggests the conflict of the white and brown soul with such subtly hinted reality. One finds oneself actually believing in the voices of Matana which chide and scream and threaten, viewless, in the treetops, or, seen in grotesque figures of horror, bring a presage of death. The story turns upon the rivalry between these projections of the darker magic of primordial nature worshippers and the cold and remote faith of Christendom, with Blunt, the white renegade from civilisation, as an almost helpless but tremendously interested spectator of the struggle, in which he has lost the power of intervening upon any but a purely physical plane. Blunt is a most attractive figure with his lingering knightliness shining through the dark overlay of tropic acceptances; and the girl Eva, who comes out to be his housekeeper and wife, at the suggestion of Matherson the missionary, anxious to save Blunt's soul, is a character comprehended with singular penetration and beauty. She gradually realises what she has set her girlish ideality to conquer. She feels the repulsion and the enormous attraction of the exuberant nature forces, and too late invites expiation and lets in the powers of nature magic. It is all most subtly and beautifully done. Blunt, Eva, and Matherson the missionary are for us real and sympathetic personalities, and the natives and the circumambient beauty and sunshine are suggested with absolute mastery. A book of unusual depth and beauty.

MOTHWISE. By KNUT HAMSUN. Gyldendal. 6*s.* net.

FROM the little *résumé* of Hamsun's career and works, by the translator, Mr. W. W. Worster, we learn that *Mothwise* belongs to a middle period of the author's development, somewhere between the *Hunger* of his early years and *Growth of the Soil* which won the Nobel prize and fame. "Twice he essayed

his fortune in America, but without success. For three years he worked as a fisherman on the Newfoundland Banks," run two brief paragraphs in the compressed biography. Maybe that is where he fished the Murex up and lost overboard the Nordland morgue. Anyway *Mothwise* is a village tale which Ibsen would have turned into improving drama, but which Hamsun sees as cheerful farce. There are, for example, two minor characters, fishermen, with a long secret feud, competitors for a sidesmanship. One has torn off the other's ear in revenge for a theft of fish, and the tearee wears a handkerchief round his head for chronic earache. Hamsun makes a joke of it: they are just serio-comic relief—first and second gravediggers. Altogether a delightfully incalculable fellow, in a story small in dimension but rich in implication, sketchily told but the sketch of a master hand.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

THE NŌ PLAYS OF JAPAN. By ARTHUR WALEY. Allen and Unwin. 18*s*. net.

WE are already in heavy debt to Mr. Waley for his translations from Chinese and Japanese poetry, and now we have his generous renderings of the Nō plays along with an illuminating essay that gives the reader all he needs to know for general purposes about a branch of art which flourished six hundred years ago in the East, and which has been persistently misinterpreted ever since in the West. Mr. Yeats has lately whetted our appetite for the sort of play which captivates us in this volume—the Japanese *Hamlet,* with a philosophical and pious central figure brooding over the problem whether to slay or spare his parent's enemy; the "folk" drama, introducing the "Swan" maiden of legend, winning back by a performance of a weird death-dance the cloak stolen from her; and the romance of the village girl who, being the soul of the iris-blossom, is taken into Paradise because even the souls of blossoms, if not of women, can attain to Buddhahood—a perfect blend in every case of religious poetry and festival pantomime. The dialogue is partly in prose and partly in recitative verse, and while the protagonist and his companion wear masks, and the chorus does not dance, remaining seated and motionless except for the swing of their fans as they sing, there is a good deal of resemblance in the whole performance to Greek tragedy. The volume is made an admirable whole by the inclusion of a short bibliography, a summary of plays not included at length, and two illustrations, of a performance proceeding and a young woman's mask. T. M.

RUSSIA.

THE RUSSIAN WORKERS' SOCIETY. By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD. Allen and Unwin. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

To all who can think at all dispassionately about Russia, Mr. Brailsford's book offers a calm, painstaking explanation of the Bolshevist State and its results. It is certainly very interesting, because the author is not concerned with propaganda, and is himself a trained observer of life with no axe to grind. He is perhaps right

in summing up the situation as a failure, and yet as an astonishing one, given the stupendous difficulties facing any Government trying to restore Russia exhausted by war, re-attacked from without, blockaded, and with civil war from within. Perhaps enough stress has not been laid on the peasants' position, which is the controlling factor. Communism failed in Russia because Bolshevist industrialism had nothing to give the peasantry in return for their labour, and when they refused paper the deadlock was absolute. The only solution would seem to be a return to the credit system, perhaps a controlled one. What, however, has been done for education, health, and the freeing of the Russian from serf conditions—these are no doubt correctly portrayed in this book.

WAR.

THE GERMAN ARMY IN BELGIUM. Translated by E. N. BENNETT. Swarthmore Press, Ltd. 10*s*. 6*d*.

"DECIDED" as the Belgian "atrocities" are in the popular mind, it certainly is time for the application of the historical method, the first beginnings of which of course lie in a study of the other side. And here it is. This volume is the German White Book of May, 1915, and refers specifically to the fighting at Dinant, Aerschot, Andenne, Louvain, as to which latter place quite distortionate views still prevail. As evidence, this collation of testimony cannot be denied. It proves that Belgian civilian attacks on German soldiers were frequent and more or less organised, chiefly by the *Garde Civique*, and there is no doubt but that a section of the Belgian people made war on their own, leading to terrible reprisals. The Bryce report, based largely on newspaper statements (uncontrolled), on refugees' reports, cannot now stand as legal evidence; it is war asseveration. Time will reveal the true facts, but enough is shown in these sworn testimonies of soldiers of all ranks to dispel the popular notion that the Germans committed atrocities simply because they were Germans. After our reprisals in Ireland, we must in our own despite go piano in our loose accusations; the time of propaganda is over.

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered, and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

BUSINESS IS HUMAN.

There is nothing very remarkable about the wonderful progress of "IMPRESSIONS" during recent months. Every man and woman engaged in business is occupied with the problem of "find the way out." Facts and figures and comparative statistics have their place in the solution, but we also want that vital human spark called "IMPRESSIONS." There is no known fact which cannot in argument be proved a lie, no figure or set of statistics which, according to the point of view, is demonstrably wrong. All that matters is the man himself. Given the right attitude of mind, this country can work wonders in commerce—without it we are doomed. For figures of finance, for records of export and import, for technicalities of organisation there are many admirable publications. "IMPRESSIONS" devotes itself to FOLKS, and is therefore the most interesting business magazine in the world.

Subscription Price 10/- a year. Sample copy for six penny stamps.

IMPRESSIONS,

36 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C. 2

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly.*
"Far superior to ordinary guides."—*Daily Chronicle.*

VISITORS TO LONDON (AND RESIDENTS) SHOULD USE

DARLINGTON'S LONDON & ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and Sir ED. T. COOK.

6th Edition Revised, 10/-. 30 Maps and Plans. 100 Illustrations.

"Very emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic.*
"A brilliant book."—*Times.*
"Particularly good."—*Academy.*
"Best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 6/-.
PARIS, LYONS, and the RIVIERA.

60 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 7/6.
NORTH WALES.

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 7/6.
DEVON AND CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 3/6.
NORTH DEVON & NORTH CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 3/6.
SOUTH DEVON & SOUTH CORNWALL.

2/- THE MOTOR-CAR ROAD BOOK and Hotels of the World.

Complete List Post Free from Darlington & Co., Llangollen.
Llangollen: DARLINGTON & Co. London: SIMPKIN'S. New York and Paris: BRENTANO'S.
RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Beautiful Photographs of Scenery, Ruins, etc., in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine and Egypt, also the English Lakes and North Wales, 1/-, 1/6, 2/-. List post free.

DARLINGTON & CO., Llangollen.

THE FIRST and ORIGINAL
DRY
FRENCH SPARKLING MUSCATEL
GOLDEN GUINEA

GOLDEN GUINEA is the produce of the choicest vineyards in France and only the finest Grapes are selected from the vines.

GOLDEN GUINEA is made on exactly similar lines to the Finest Vintage Champagnes and the DRIEST Muscatel shipped to this country.

GOLDEN GUINEA is an ideal Sparkling Wine for Banquets, Dinners, Dances, and all Social, Public, and Private Functions.

At all Leading Wine Merchants.

PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY THE CORNWALL PRESS, LTD., PARIS GARDEN, STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E.I,
AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911), LTD., 18 BEDFORD SQ., LONDON, W.C. I.
ADVERTISING OFFICES: 18 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. I.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.